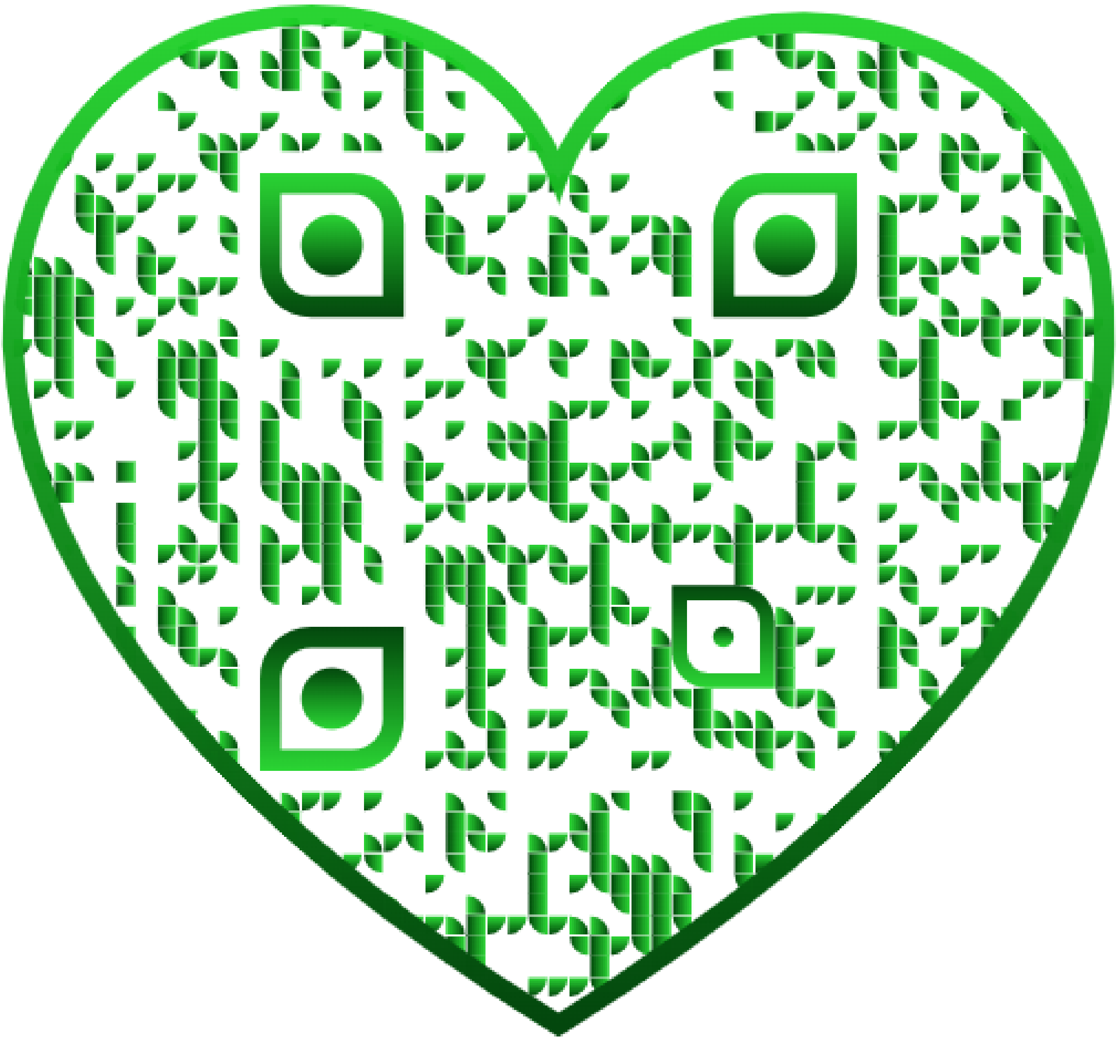
ADBUSTERS

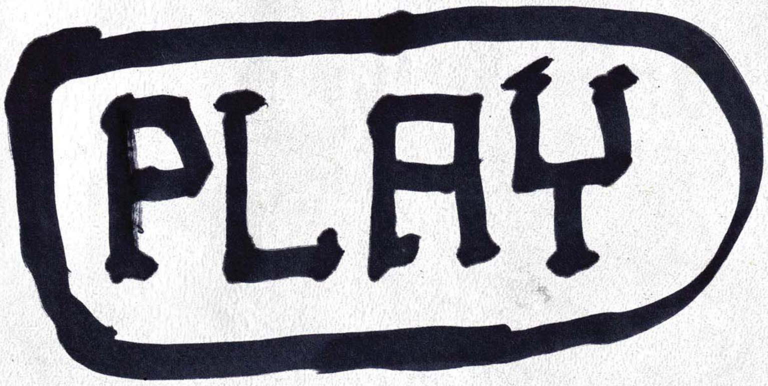
#182 • VOL. 33 NO. 6

THE BEST PLAYS OF 2026

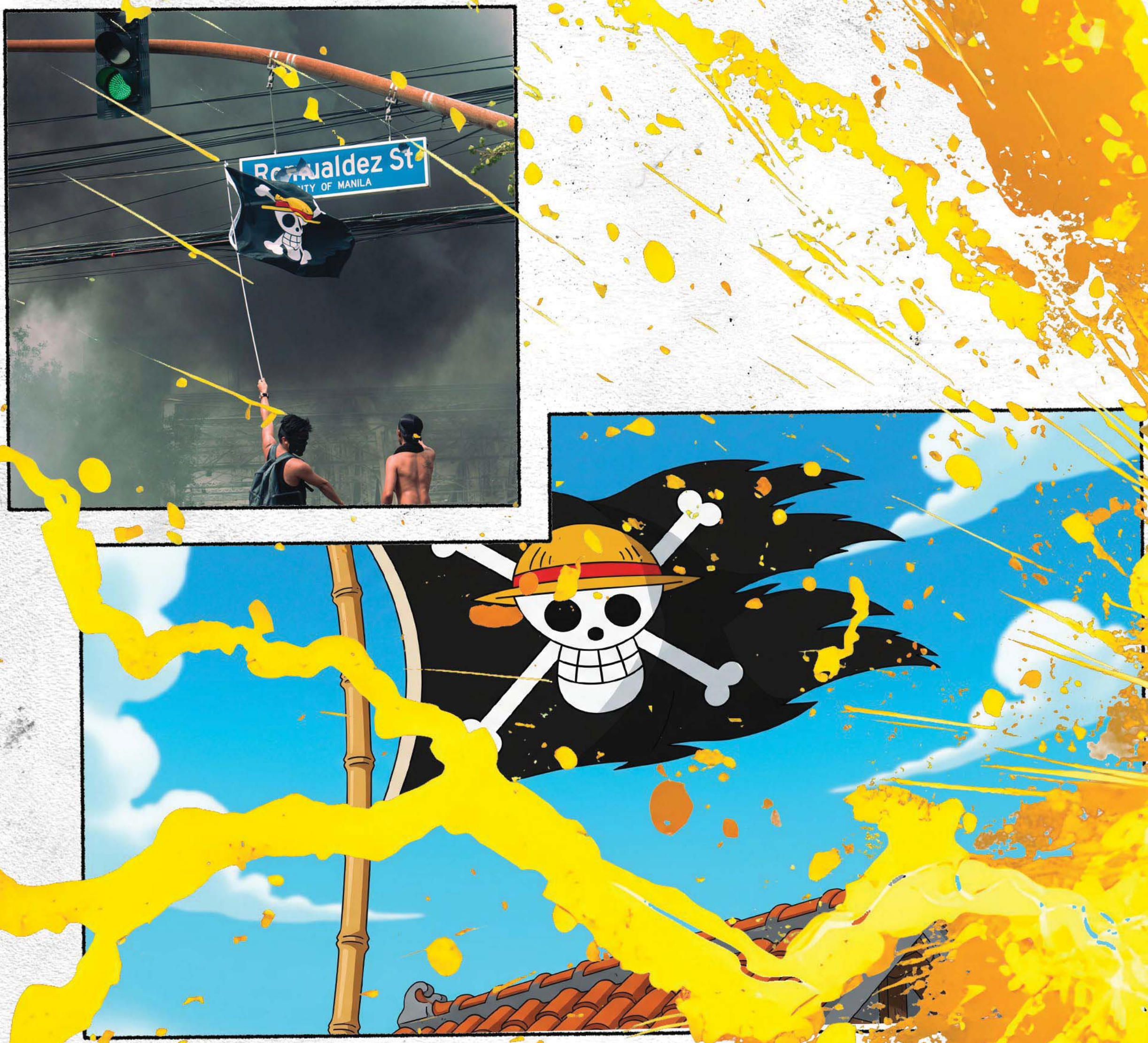
I WANT YOU

TO PLAY THE PLANETARY ENDGAME




PLAY

Hey, why don't you flirt with me anymore?


Romualdez St
CITY OF MANILA

GEN Z

GEN Z
PROTEST
SAVE THE
FUTURE

NEPAL
POLICE

ENTERS THE GAME

A multi-platform play! Instagram, TikTok, Discord. Manga mythology, digital mobilization with traditional in-person organizing. Gen Z topples governments and gets shit done.

AARGH!
POOF!
KABOOM!
POLICE

GET READY

FOR THE YEAR OF THE HORSE

DOWNLOAD

THE
PLANETARY ENDGAME
APP

WELCOME PLAYER ONE

No one during the Renaissance ever said, "We're in the Renaissance." No one in medieval times ever said, "We're in the Dark Ages." Our lives are just our lives as we're living them: historians come along and do the sorting later.

But make no mistake, what's happening now -- even though we can't see it, because we're in it -- is the turnover of an era. There's a solid chance we'll look back on this time as a huge historical flashpoint: the undoing of liberal democracy. And the beginning of a hundred-year-long authoritarian age for Planet Earth.

Country by country, the world is shifting to the right. In the East, the authoritarian regimes have begun linking arms. In a decade, Xi, Putin and Modi could be the de facto leaders of the world.

THIS IS NOT HYPERBOLE -- IT'S A VERY REAL POSSIBILITY.

Think of Germany in 1929. Trouble was brewing, and many people were picking up those vibes, the drumbeats of fascism. If even a small fraction of those people mobilized, disaster could have been averted. Now those people lie buried beneath a damning question: "If you knew, why didn't you do something?"

Our children and grandchildren are gonna be asking us the same thing.

So now's the time to rewrite the story before it's too late.

What would it have taken to not let Hitler run away with the ball? What will it take now to not let Trump run away with the ball?

How do we stop the falling dominoes of authoritarianism?

It starts with each one of us changing . . . ourselves.

Finding our stones to accept our own role in the planetary endgame.

EDS
Kalle Lasn
Youngo
Marco van der Meer
Kat Dodds

BEST PLAYS OF 2026

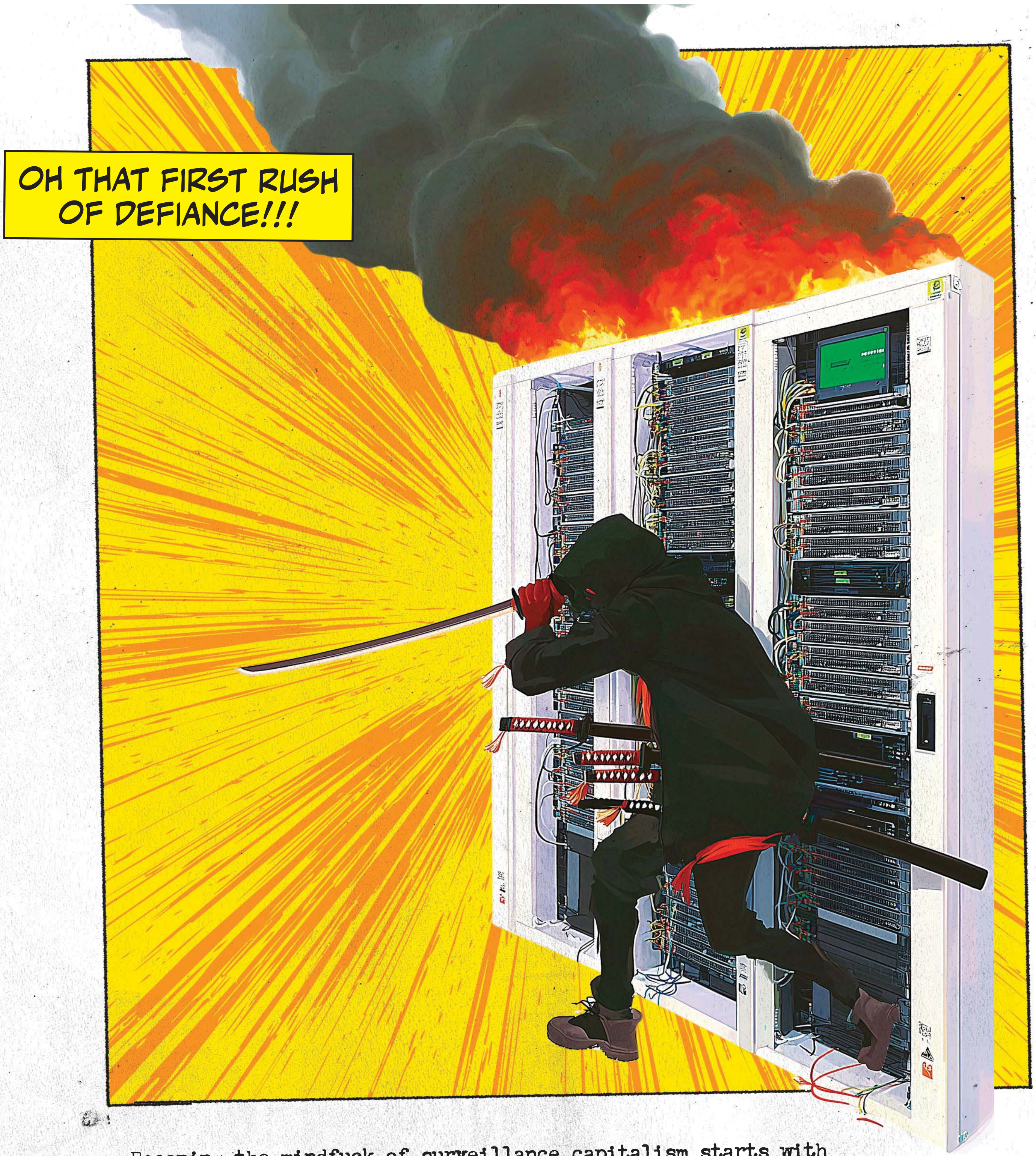
PSYCHO	RADICAL TRANSPARENCY SURVEILLANCE FEES MENTAL LIBERATION FRONT
ECO	TRUE COST MARKETS
CORPO	A SIZE TAX THE 25% RULE
MONEY	WIPE OUT TAX HAVENS CALM SPECULATIVE FERVOR ROBIN HOOD TAX
CAMPUS	FRIDAY MAYHEM
POLITICO	PLAY CARDS GEN Z WORLD SPRING GENERAL STRIKE 2026
PERSONAL	PLAY JAZZ COSMIC PLAY PARTY GIRL

PSYCHO PLAY

MENTAL
LIBERATION
FRONT!
MENTAL
LIBERATION
FRONT

GOOGLE, META, AND
X ARE PLAYING YOU.

TIME TO FIGHT BACK!


OH THAT FIRST RUSH OF DEFIANCE!!!

Escaping the mindfuck of surveillance capitalism starts with something so crazy simple it feels more like a joke than the beginning of a quest for towards mental freedom. But here it is:

You start looking at ads like they're trying to kill you.

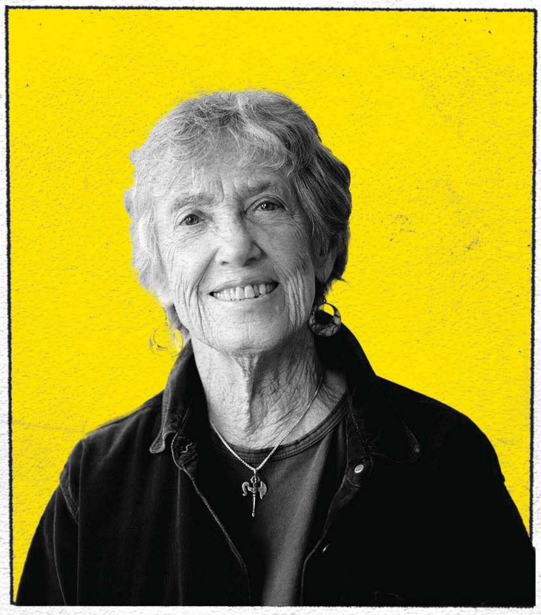
Each is a parasite trying to worm its way into your brain and lay its eggs in there, release its toxic cargo of anxiety and depression and mood disorders.

Look away! Simple as that. Don't engage. Don't feed those fuckers.

After awhile this will become habit. No big dramatic deal - ads are just something you don't need in your life. Your attention glides right past them. To real things. Things *you* chose.

You wouldn't believe the magic of this. Try it!

HERE'S HOW IT ALL STARTED



RIP

Joanna Macy, "whole-systems" theorist and grande dame of a fierce kind of activism born of insult to the human soul, died on July 19. Her last words were, *"Wow … wow … wow."*

Fifty years ago she told her psychotherapist that she thought her depression might be linked to the looming threat of planetary systems collapse — an idea that was patronizingly dismissed.

We now know she was on to something. Her "grieving for the whole show" was real, and it was valid.

Macy was among the very first to nail the link between the collapse of the physical environment and the collapse of our mental health. In identifying "eco-anxiety," she became the Patron Saint of what we around here call the Mental Environmental Movement.

But now "Eco-Anxiety" itself has become a debilitating monster we need to learn how to wrangle. The data suggests that eco-anxiety leads to feelings of helplessness and paralysis in the face of what looks like a no-way-out doom scenario — exactly the opposite of the decisive collective action the world needs from us right now.

"The greatest danger of our times is the deadening of our response." (The "why bother recycling?" reflex.)

Half a century ago, Joanna Macy called it.

And now we know.

The question is: What now?

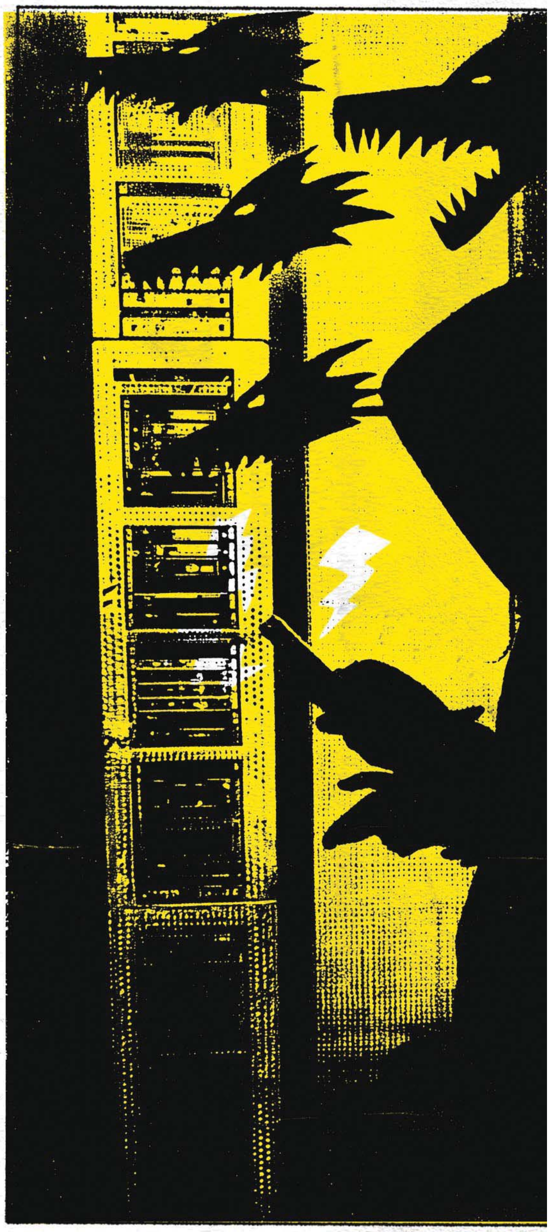
"The world could be on the brink of death, or it could be on the brink of figuring out how to flourish as never before," Macy said in one of her last interviews. "Which way is it going to go? Who knows? But we may be closer to an outbreak of sanity than we realize."

FREE PLAY

Take a walk down the street right now -- without your device -- and talk to a stranger.

TO MAKE IT THROUGH THE 21ST CENTURY, WE MUST VANQUISH THE MINDLORDS AND INVENT AN ENTIRELY NEW WAY TO COMMUNICATE WITH EACH OTHER.

THE NEXT BIG SOCIAL MOVEMENT OF OUR TIME IS. . .



WEB

WEB WIZARD/ANTI-FASCIST
Marco van der Meer

HATRACK
Youngo

HOW DO YOU DO, FELLOW KIDS
James Callaghan

CREATIVE
Sydney Ung

ANTI-FASCIST DATA DADDY
Dr. Chaos

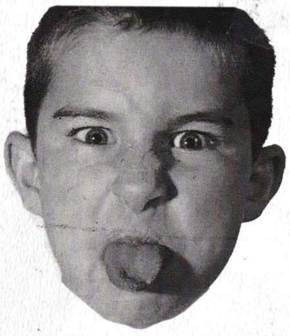
DETECH

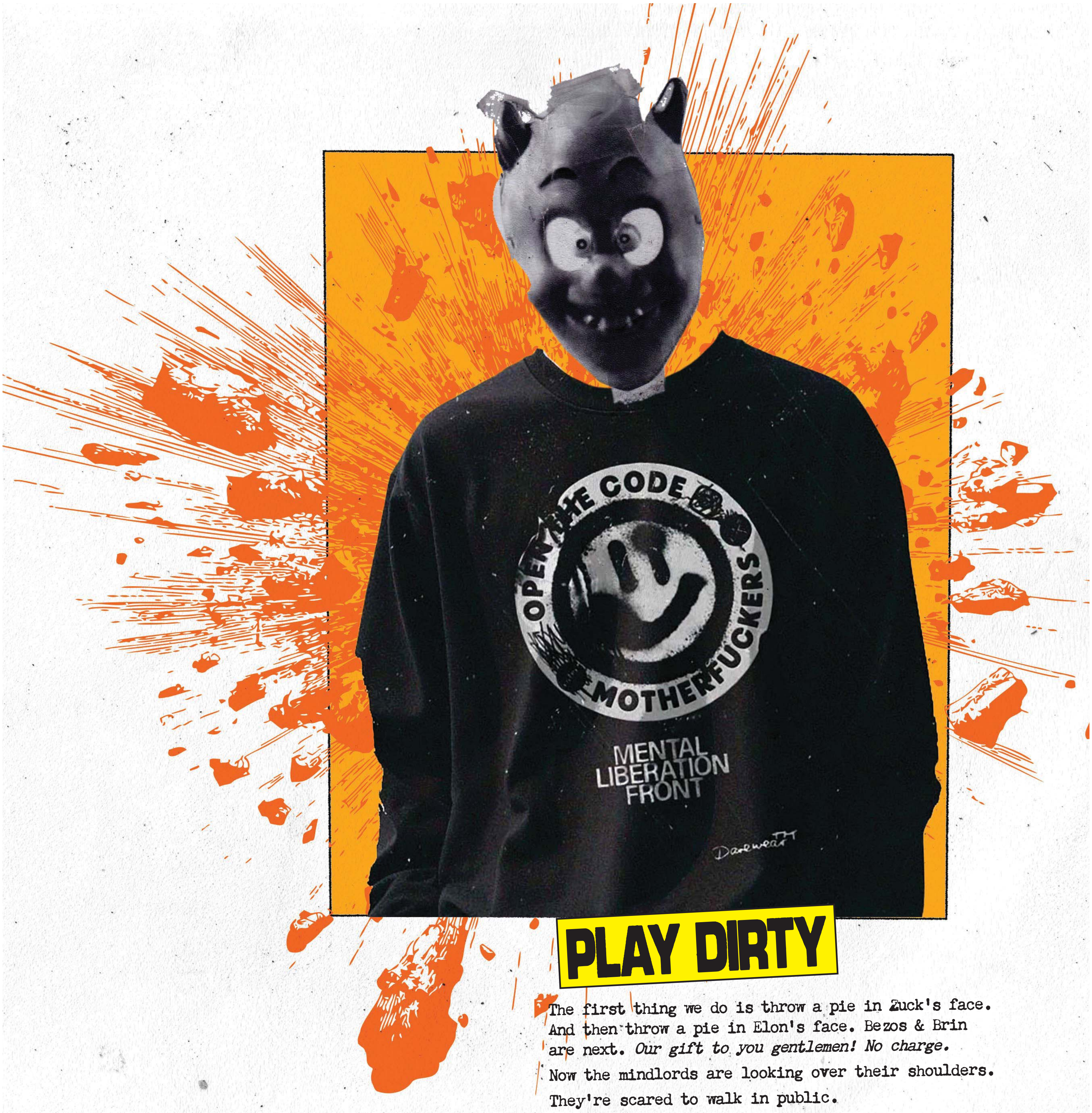
AND IT'S GOING TO BE FUELED BY THE MLF

MENTAL
LIBERATION
FRONT

WHAT IS THE MLF?

IT'S A
GLOBAL MOVEMENT
OF ANGRY, MINDFUCKED
PEOPLE ACTING OUT
WITH FERAL FEROCITY
AND AN ALL-OUT CIVIL
DISOBEDIENCE AGAINST
SURVEILLANCE CAPITALISM
AND THE MINDLORDS
WHO CONTROL IT




OPEN THE CODE
MOTHERFUCKERS
MENTAL LIBERATION FRONT
Darewear™

PLAY DIRTY

The first thing we do is throw a pie in Zuck's face. And then throw a pie in Elon's face. Bezos & Brin are next. *Our gift to you gentlemen! No charge.*

Now the mindlords are looking over their shoulders.

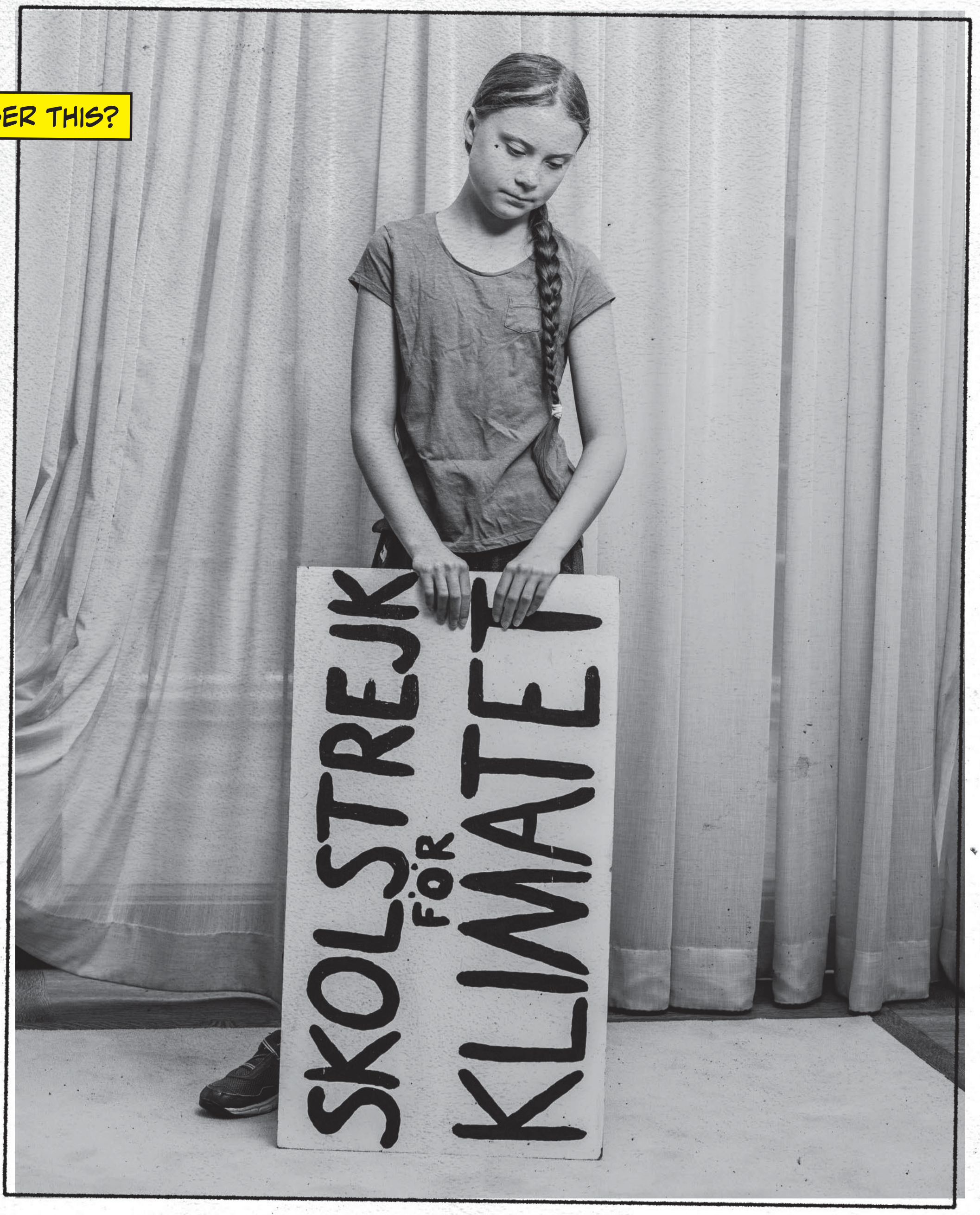
They're scared to walk in public.

They know the electric restless vibe that's out there, looking to ground itself on their scalps: We the People are no longer going to put up with their fucking mass surveillance system.

This pieplay will set the scene for all the resistance to come.

ECO PLAY

REMEMBER THIS?

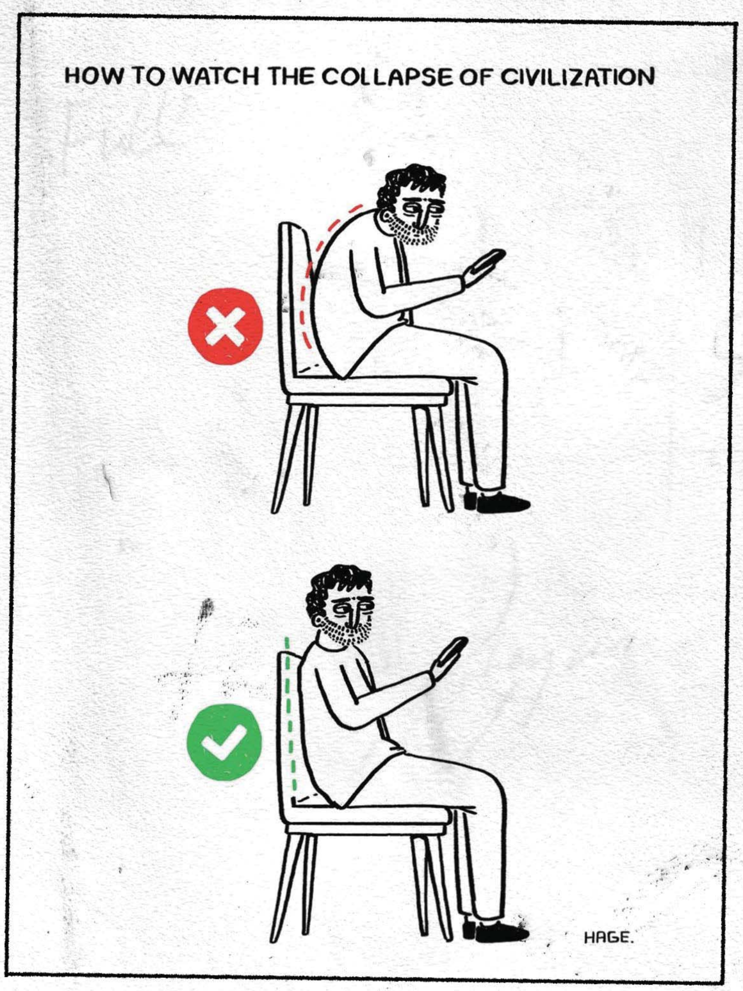

SKOLSTREJK FÖR KLIMATET

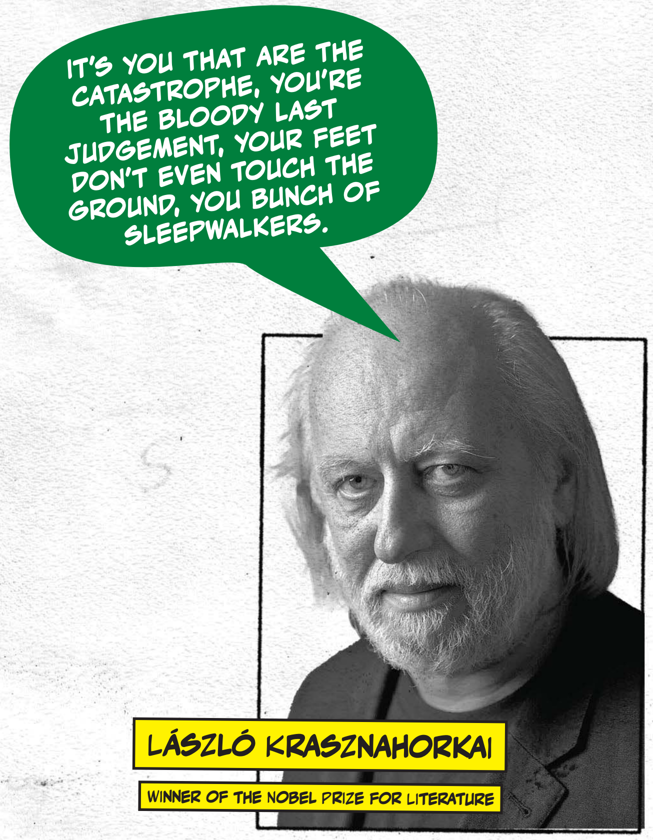
WHO'S RUNNING THE PLANET?

There used to be some hope that we could fix the climate crisis. After Paris, it felt like we were on our way ... but then nothing happened. And now we're caught in a strange state of collective denial.

We've given up. We're just fighting for each next breath now. Hoping the next atmospheric river, hurricane or fire doesn't put our species out of business.

FOR US TO SURVIVE THE ECOPALYPSE, SOMETHING TRULY SPECTACULAR HAS TO BREAK THROUGH THE DENIAL.


HOW TO WATCH THE COLLAPSE OF CIVILIZATION
✗
✓
HAGE.


IT'S YOU THAT ARE THE CATASTROPHE, YOU'RE THE BLOODY LAST JUDGEMENT, YOUR FEET DON'T EVEN TOUCH THE GROUND, YOU BUNCH OF SLEEPWALKERS.

LÁSZLÓ KRASZNAHORKAI

WINNER OF THE NOBEL PRIZE FOR LITERATURE

adidas
ORIGINALS

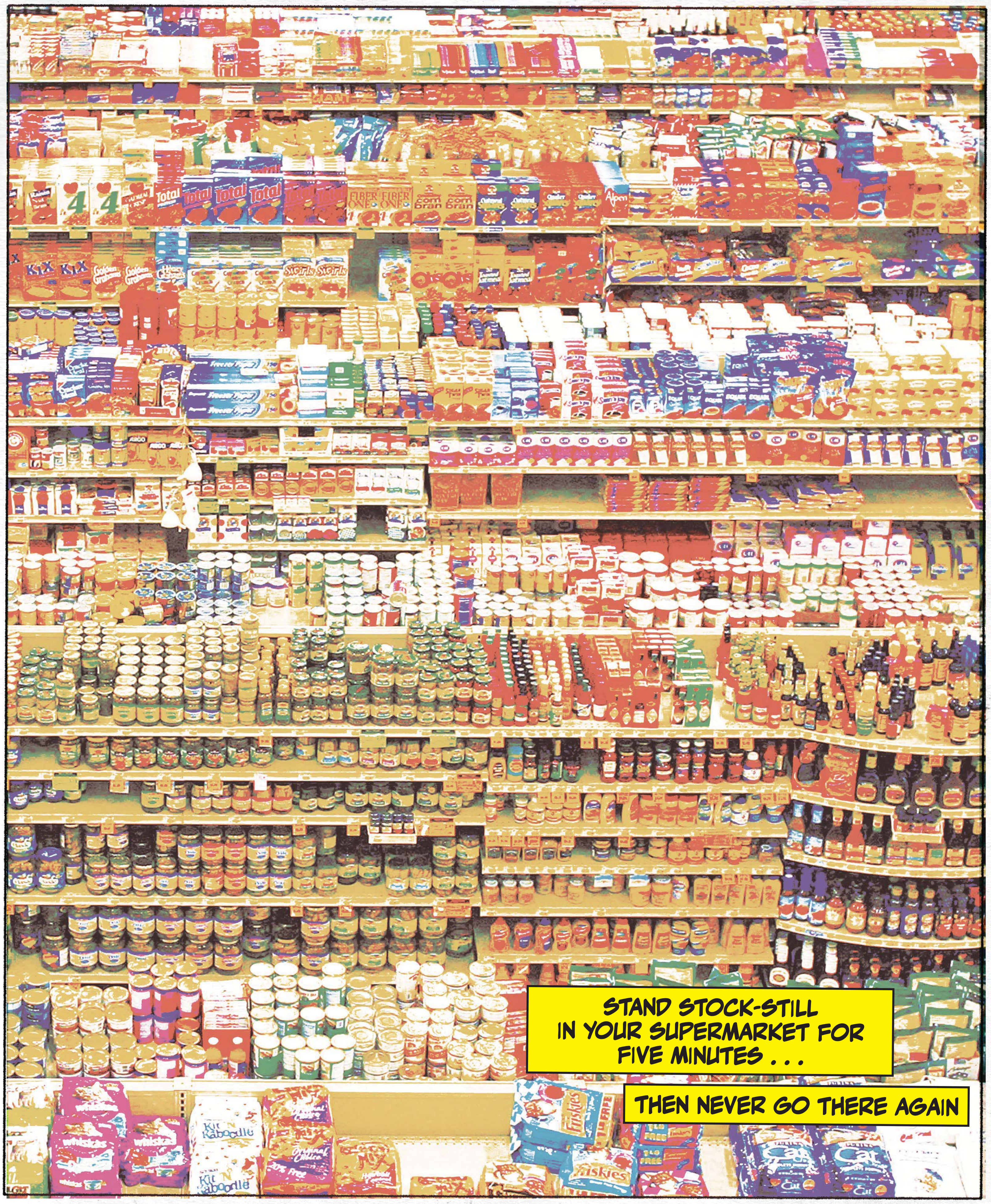
'GIRLS CARRYING SHIT'

GOOD PLAY

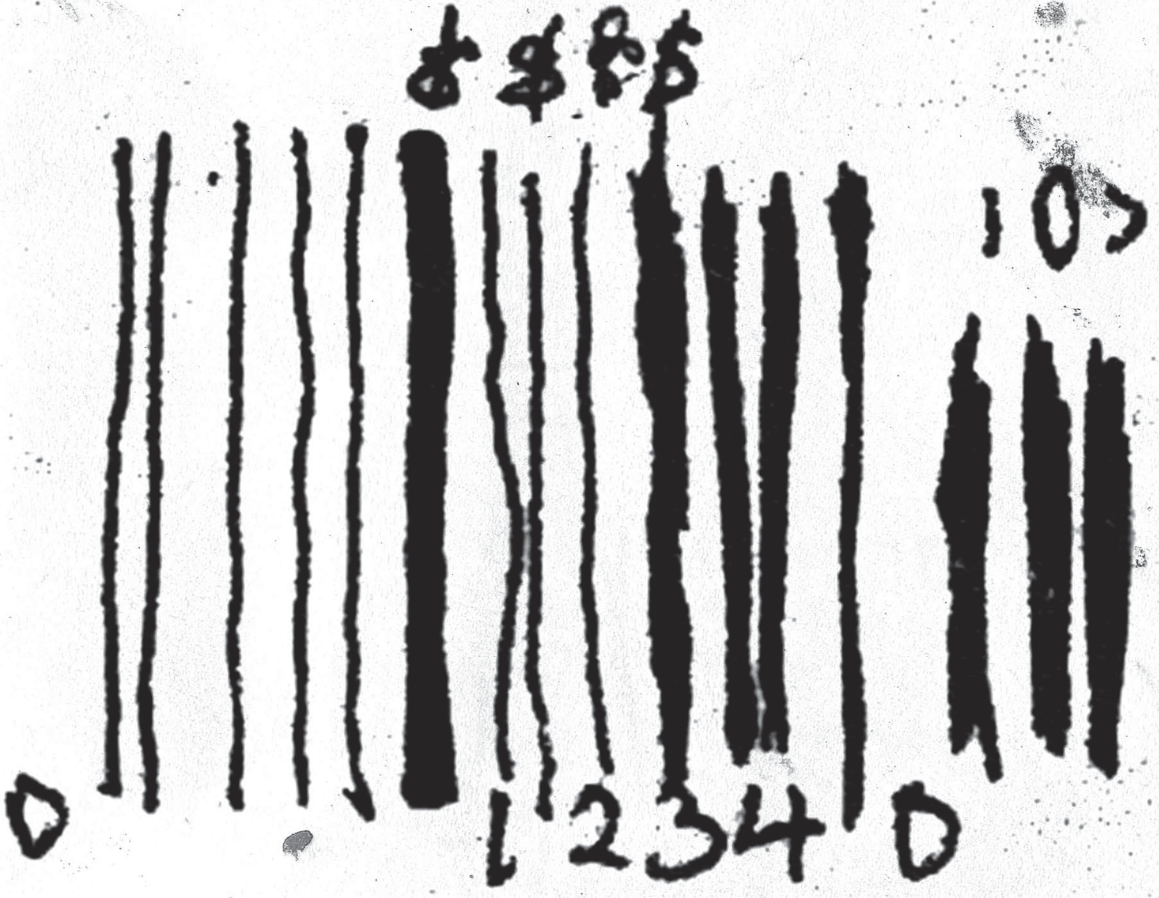
We, the affluent one billion people of the planet do something incredible:

We reduce our consumption by 25%

AFP


STAND STOCK-STILL IN YOUR SUPERMARKET FOR FIVE MINUTES . . .
THEN NEVER GO THERE AGAIN

ONE SWIPE



ONE TRUTH

THE SAVIOR PLAY

This is the play of plays . . . but it's getting zero traction because it's so hard to pull off. Bill McKibben told us: "I'm not sure it's more than a talking point."

We're talking about true-cost pricing; creating a global marketplace in which the price of every product tells the ecological truth.

Don't dismiss it as impossible. As the world heats up and life becomes intolerable, this play may well emerge as the only way to stop this experiment of ours on Planet Earth from crashing.

It amounts to facing head-on the glaring flaw in our capitalist algorithm: that the vast majority of humankind's carbon emissions are unpriced. From the cars we drive, to the gas we pump, to the smart phones we carry, to the Big Macs we wolf down, almost every one of the billions and billions of transactions made every day in the global marketplace, only a tiny fraction tell the truth. And each bogus transaction drives us a little closer to global system collapse.

True Cost is an economic moonshot!

A new generation of economists would have to calculate all the costs of our way of doing business and then internalize them.

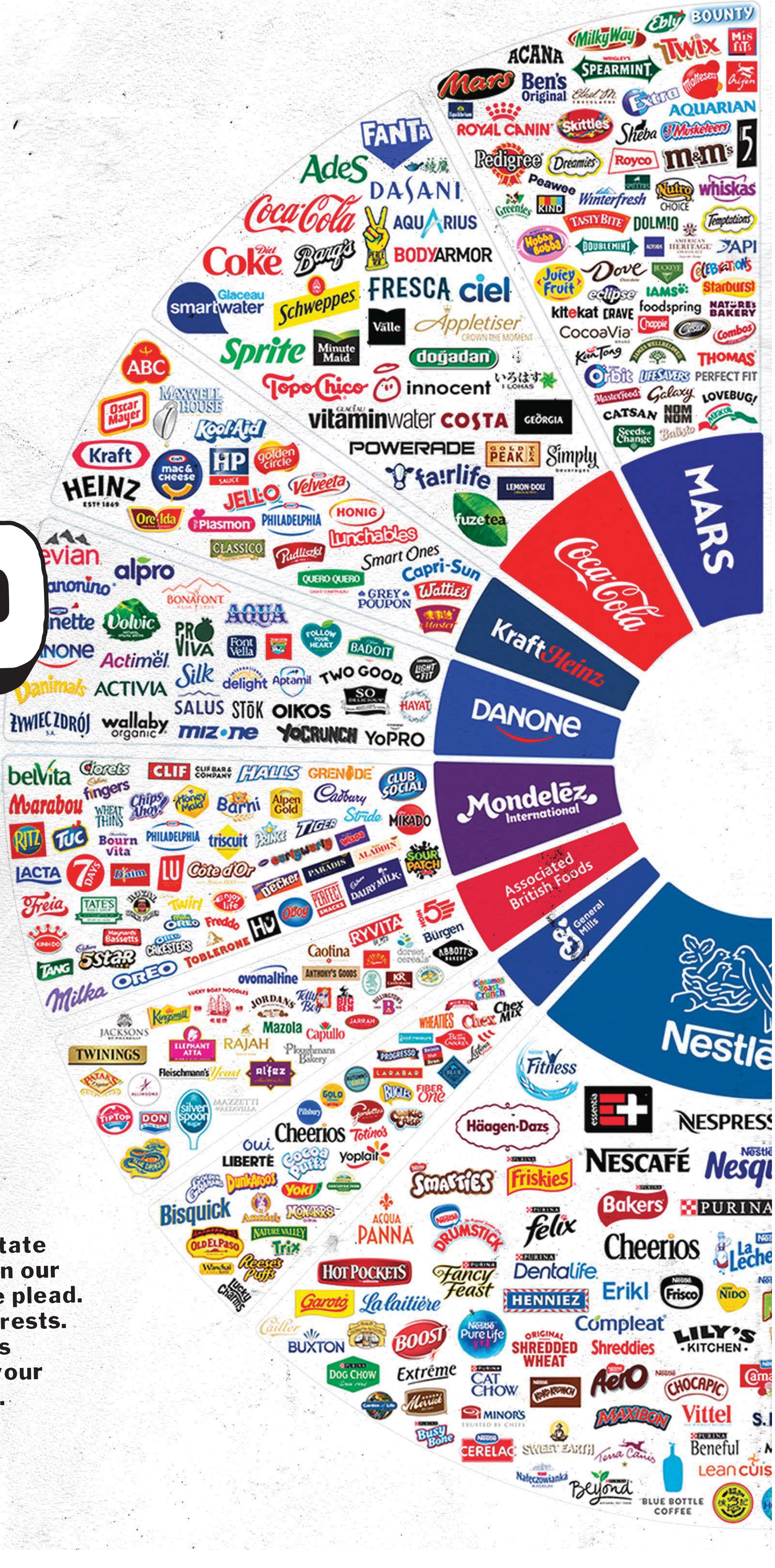
The Universal Product Code (UPC) is the perfect mechanism for doing that. Almost every product sold around the world already has a UPC code on it. It was originally created to speed up the checkout process and track inventory at grocery stores. Now it becomes an essential part of the True Cost project. The human experience of buying something is transformed. When you swipe it, a True Cost price adjustment automatically kicks in. All the costs of making and marketing and shipping and distributing and using the product are baked into the price. Adam Smith's invisible hand is suddenly being used in the most profound way to adjust your purchasing behavior. Bit by bit, you accept the idea that you should always pay the True Cost of everything you buy.

One swipe, one truth. Sticker shock: take it or leave it.

Spread this savior meme and let's wait for the right moment to pounce!

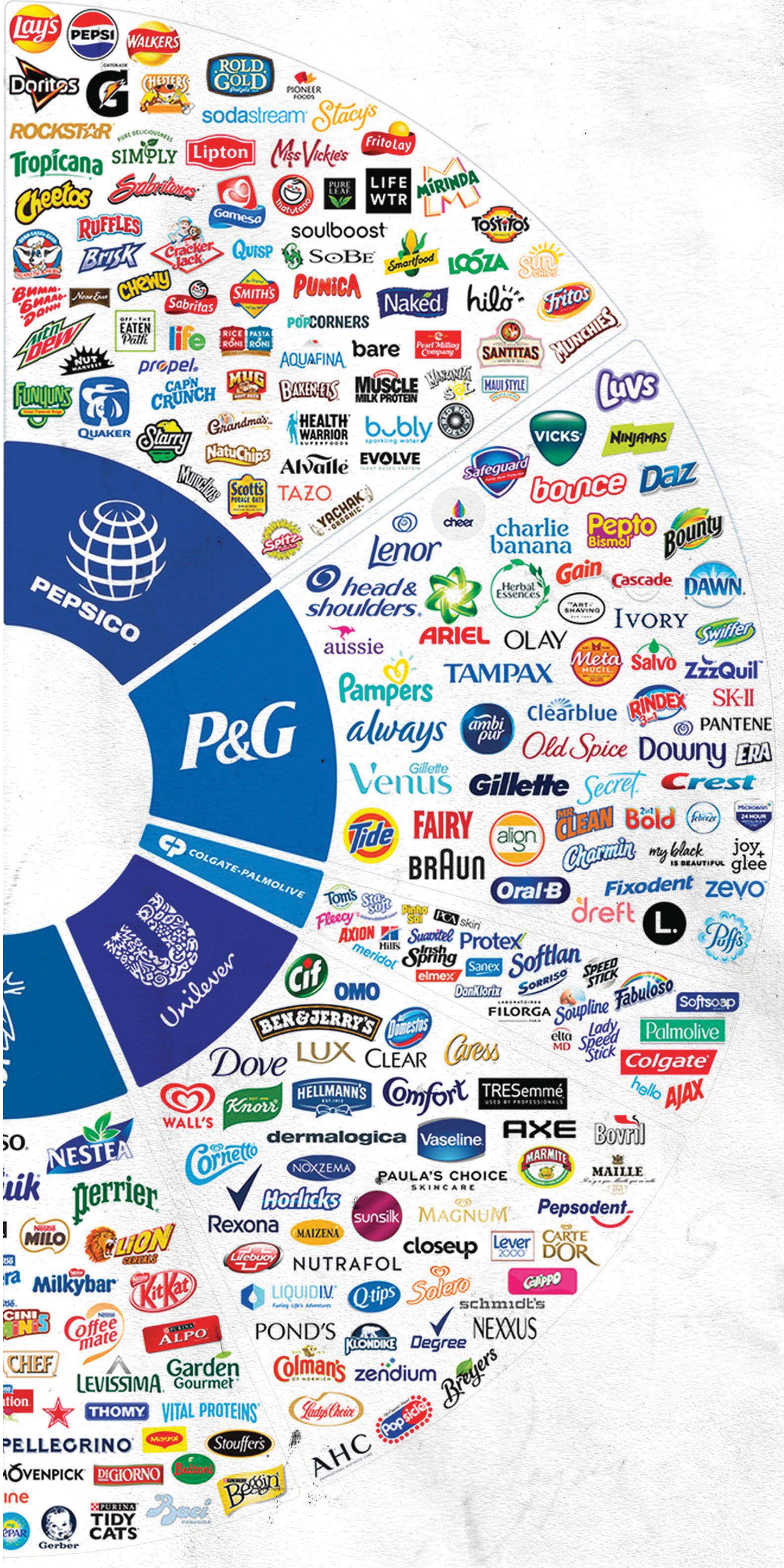
GEN Z WILL GET THIS DONE

KILL A CORP


MARS
Coca-Cola
KraftHeinz
DANONE
Mondelēz International
Associated British Foods
General Mills
Nestlé

We the people have lost control. Corporations, these legal fictions we ourselves created two centuries ago, now rule over us.

And we accept this as the normal state of affairs. We go to corporations on our knees. Please do the right thing we plead. Please don't cut down any more forests. Please don't pollute any more lakes and rivers (but please don't move your factories and jobs offshore either).



Please don’t use pornographic images to sell fashion to my kids. And please don’t addict them to your algorithms.

We’ve spent so much time bowed down in deference we’ve forgotten how to stand up straight.

The unofficial history of America, which continues to be written, is not a story of rugged individualism and heroic personal sacrifice in the pursuit of a dream. It’s a story of democracy derailed, of a revolutionary spirit suppressed, and of a once-proud people reduced to servitude.

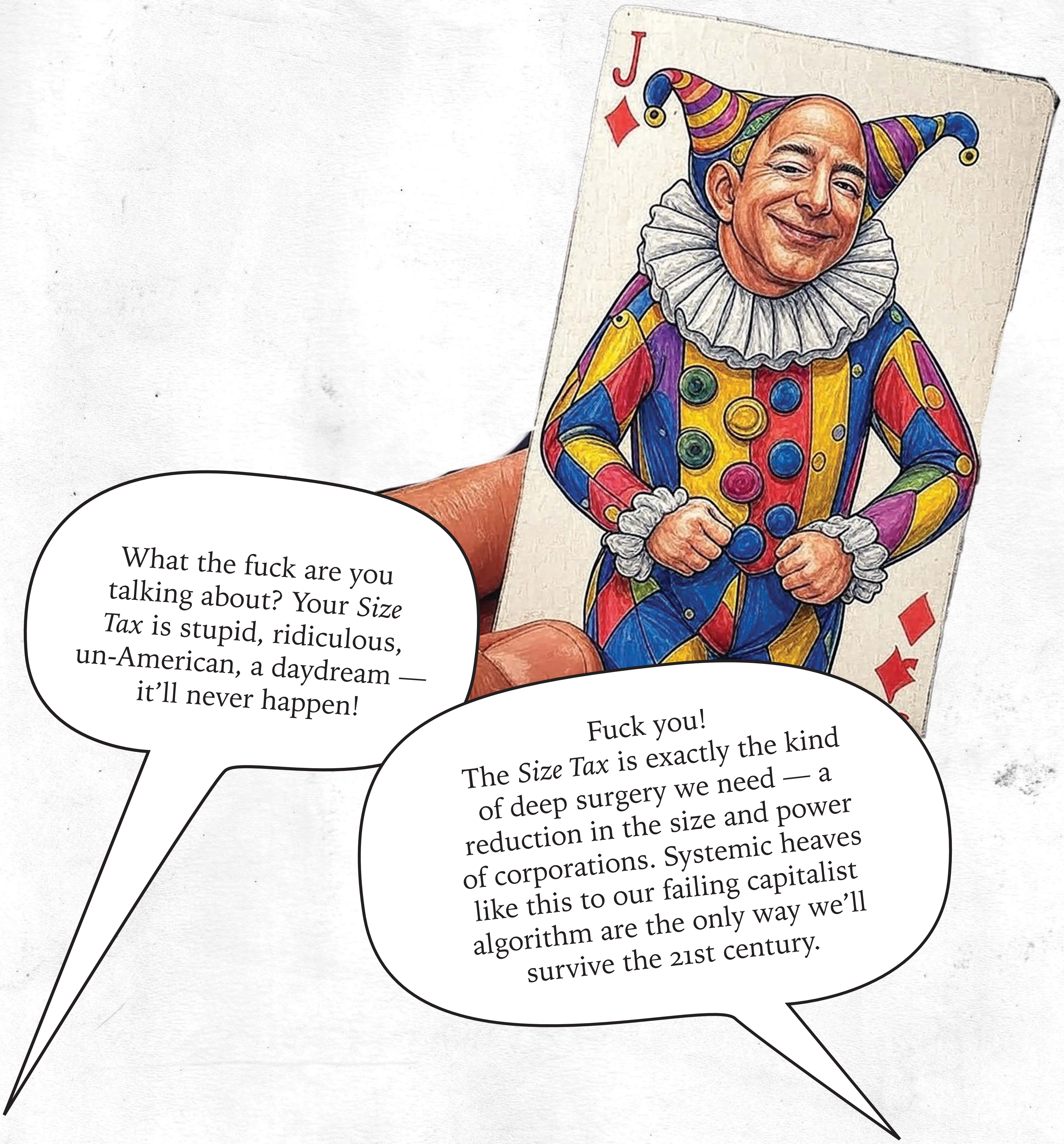
START WITH EXXON!

TWO DEVASTATING PLAYS AGAINST CORPORATE RULE

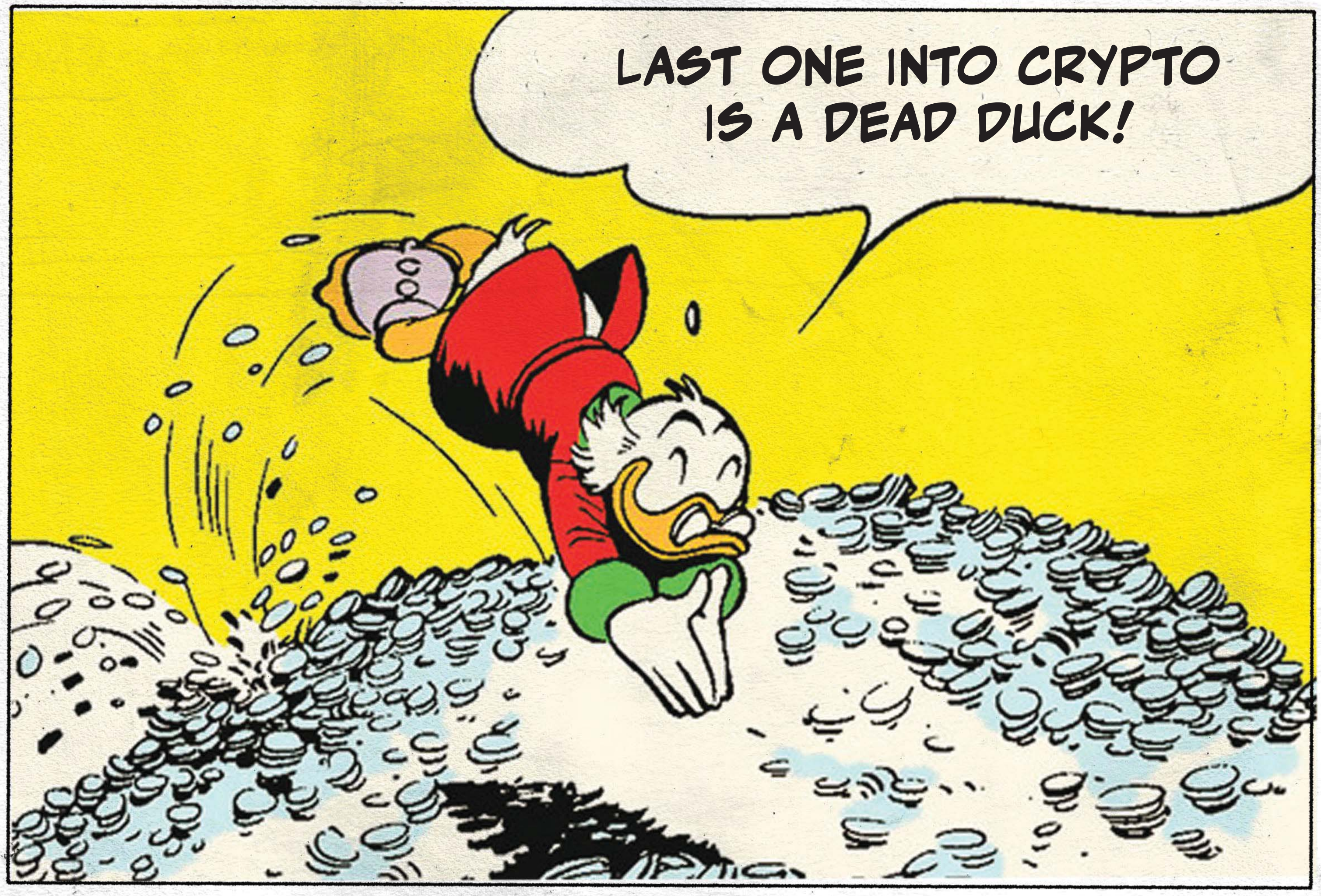
As soon as the Bottoms Up Majority (BUMS) is elected we're going to:

- Pass a law that prohibits any corporation from having more than 25% of the market share in any industry. One quarter. That's all you'll ever get!
- Impose a Size Tax on corporations — a progressive levy they must pay once they grow beyond a valuation that We the People decide is the max.

With these two simple strokes, mega corporate capitalism will be upended. A tsunami of entrepreneurial zeal will be released. Neighborhood bakers, grocers, and hardware stores will spring back to life. Cities will churn with new energy. The internet will be a more diverse and fun place to go to. What Schrumpeter called "creative destruction" will explode in every industry, in every corner of our lives, clearing the way for a more diverse, more dynamic and sustainable business culture.


J
What the fuck are you talking about? Your *Size Tax* is stupid, ridiculous, un-American, a daydream — it'll never happen!
Fuck you! The *Size Tax* is exactly the kind of deep surgery we need — a reduction in the size and power of corporations. Systemic heaves like this to our failing capitalist algorithm are the only way we'll survive the 21st century.

MONEY GAMES

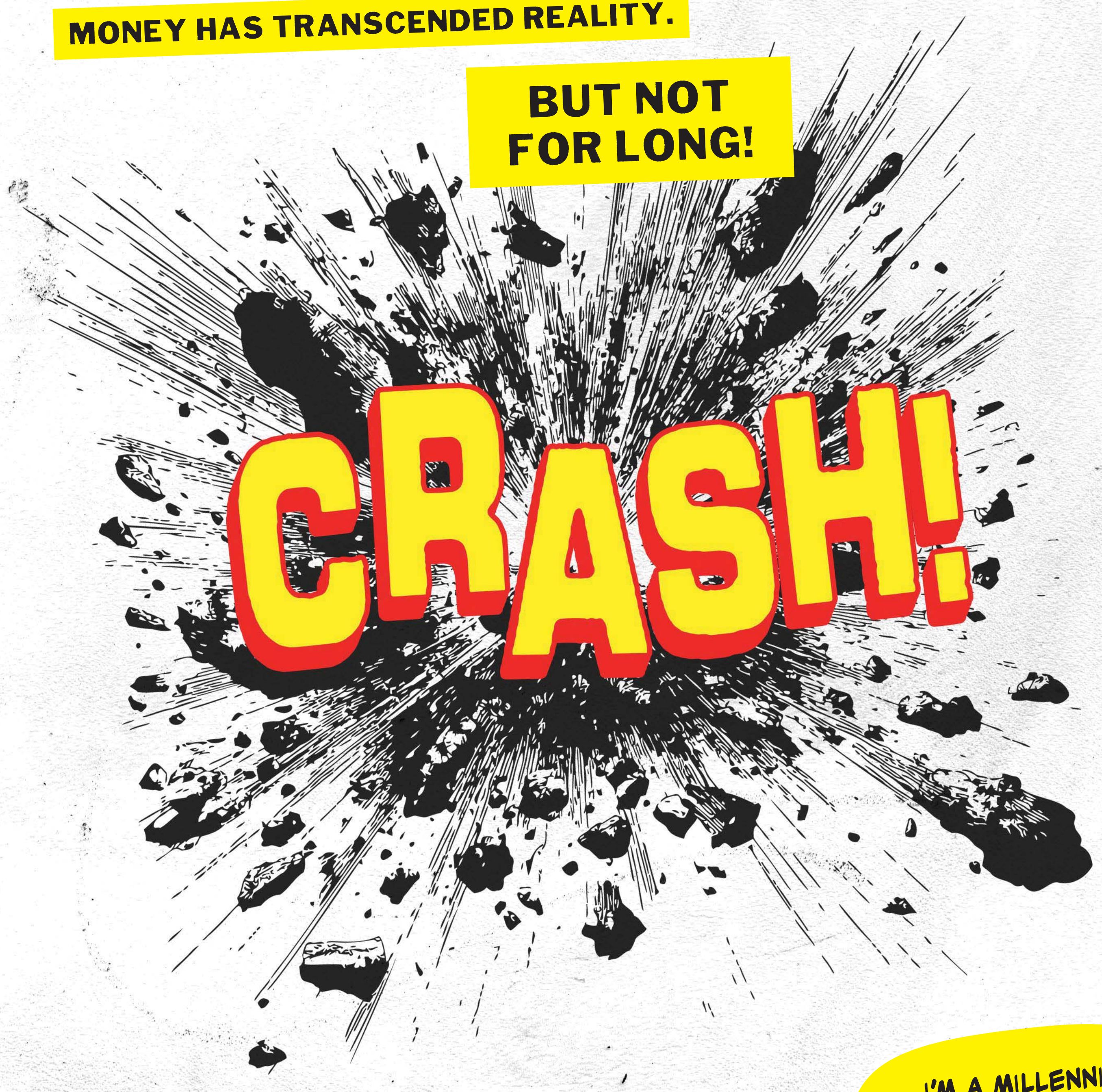

LAST ONE INTO CRYPTO IS A DEAD DUCK!

CARL BARKS

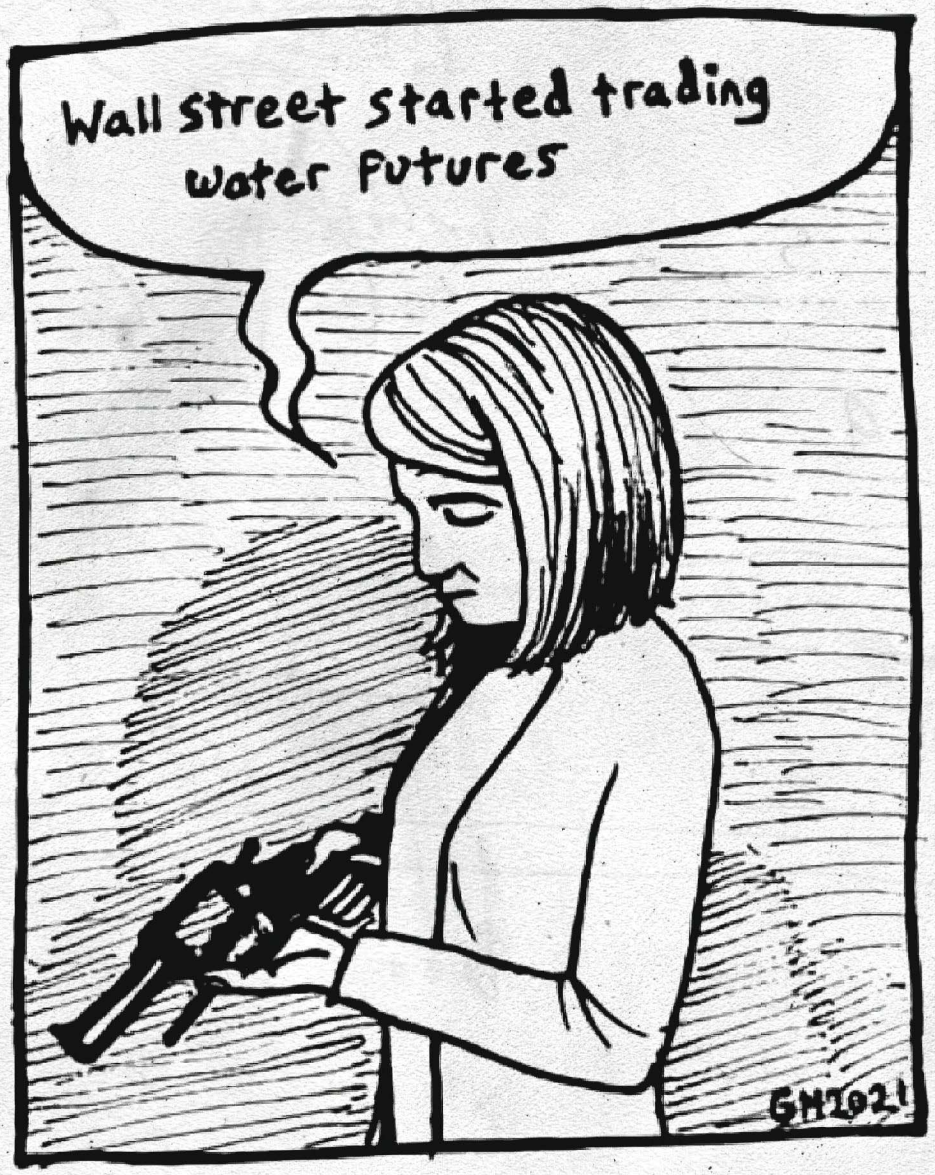
It's out there, moving faster than the human mind, in volumes we can no longer comprehend . . . $3 trillion sloshing around the internet every day . . . billions hidden in crypto-currencies . . . a quadrillion dollars a year trade in derivatives, worth ten times the total value of every product manufactured worldwide during the last century.

MONEY HAS TRANSCENDED REALITY.

BUT NOT FOR LONG!



I'M A MILLENNIAL, SO MY RETIREMENT PLAN IS SOCIETAL COLLAPSE


Wall street started trading water futures
GM2021

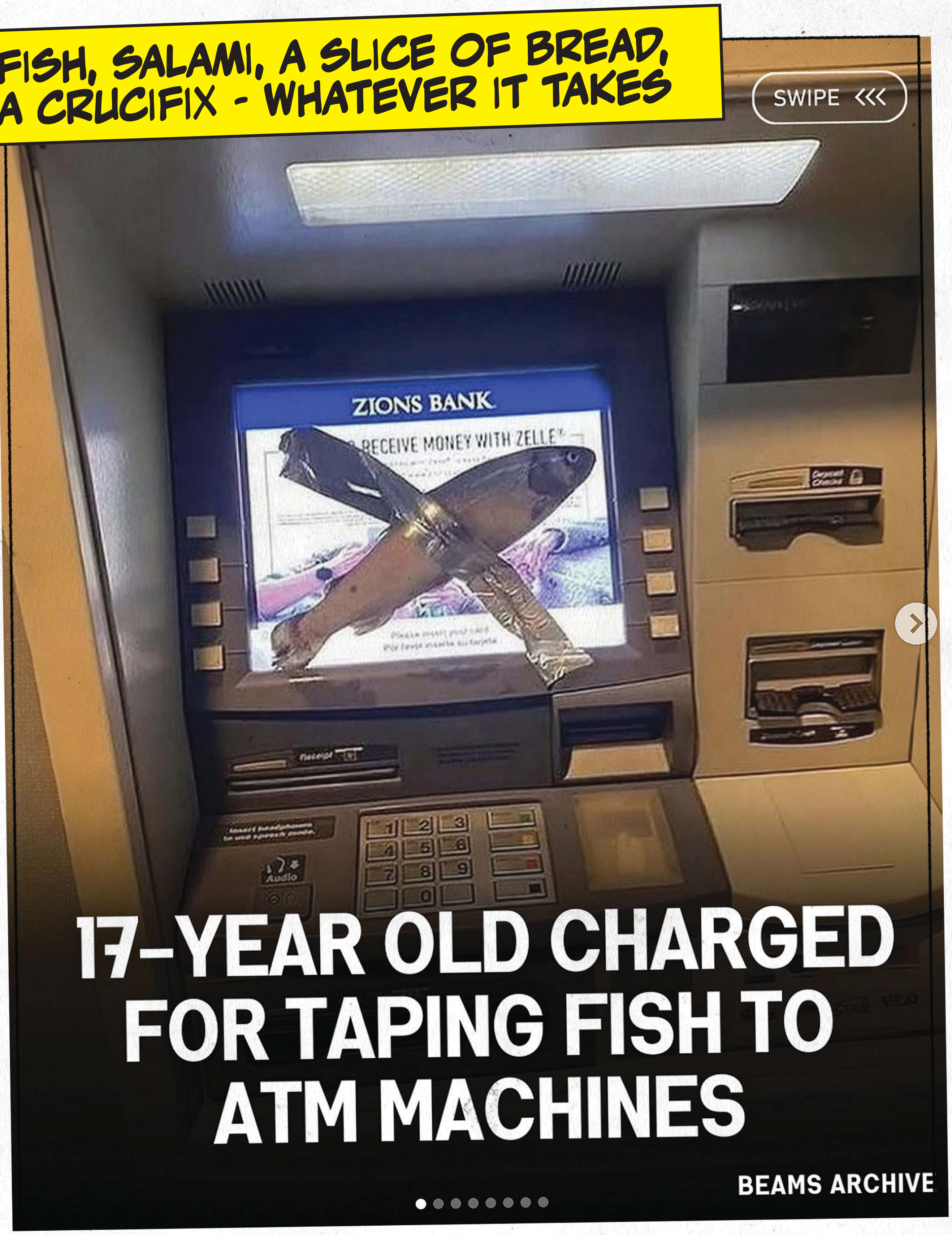
GADZOOKS BAZOOKA (AKA GRANT HOSKINS) // INSTA: @GADZOOKS_BAZOOKA

PANIC PLAY

Sell all your stocks and bonds before the big one wipes you out.

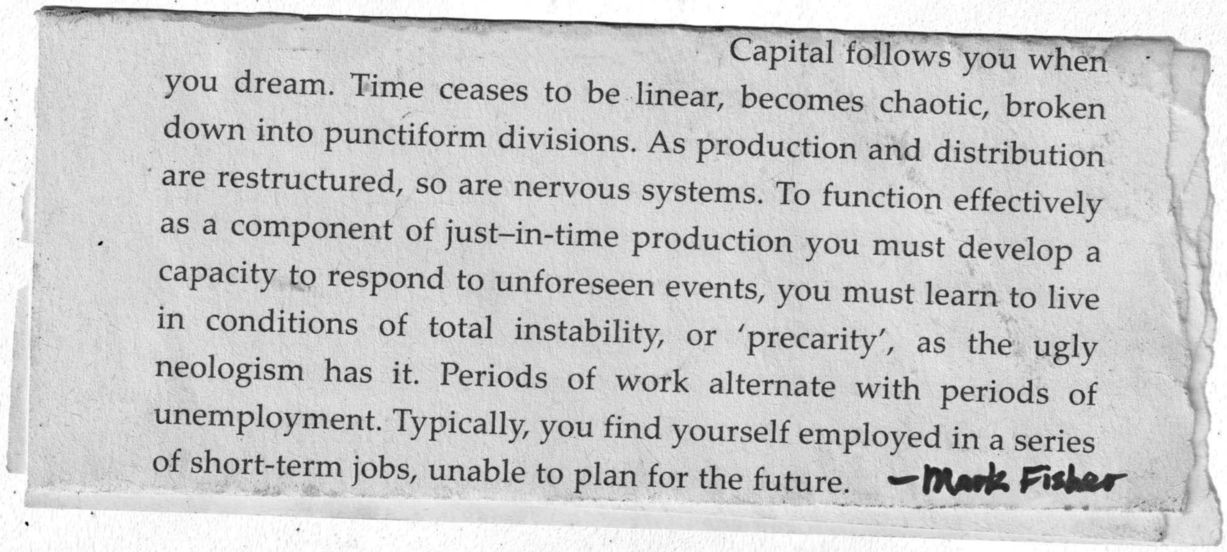
AHHH, PEACE OF MIND

FISH, SALAMI, A SLICE OF BREAD, A CRUCIFIX - WHATEVER IT TAKES

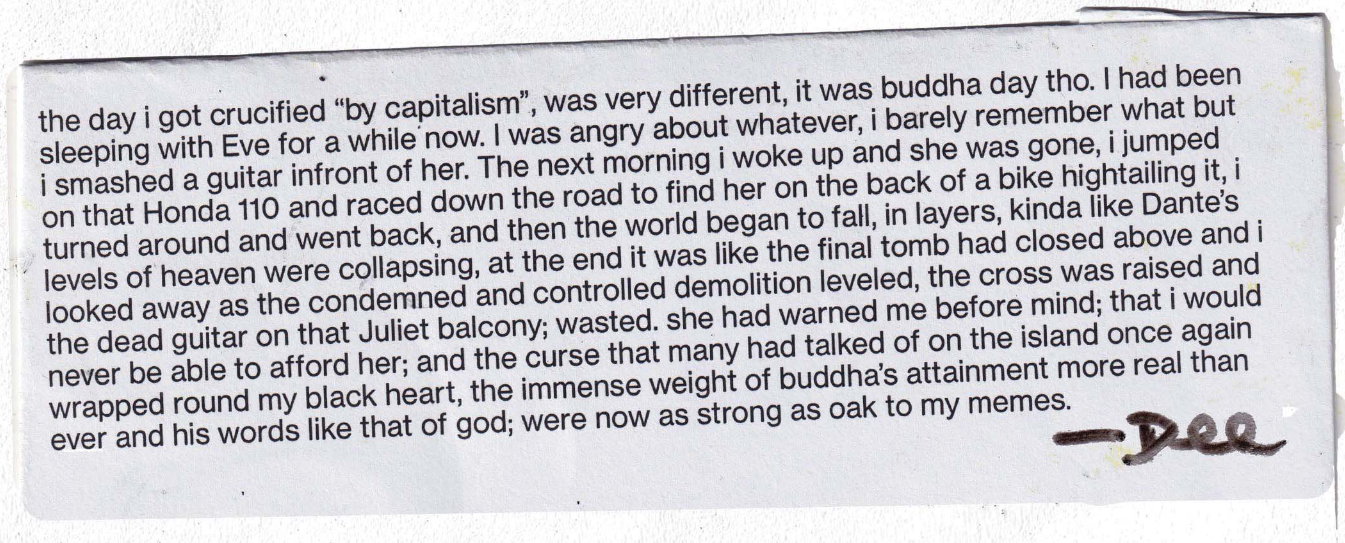


17-YEAR OLD CHARGED FOR TAPING FISH TO ATM MACHINES

SWIPE <<<
ZIONS BANK
RECEIVE MONEY WITH ZELLE
Receipt
Audio
BEAMS ARCHIVE



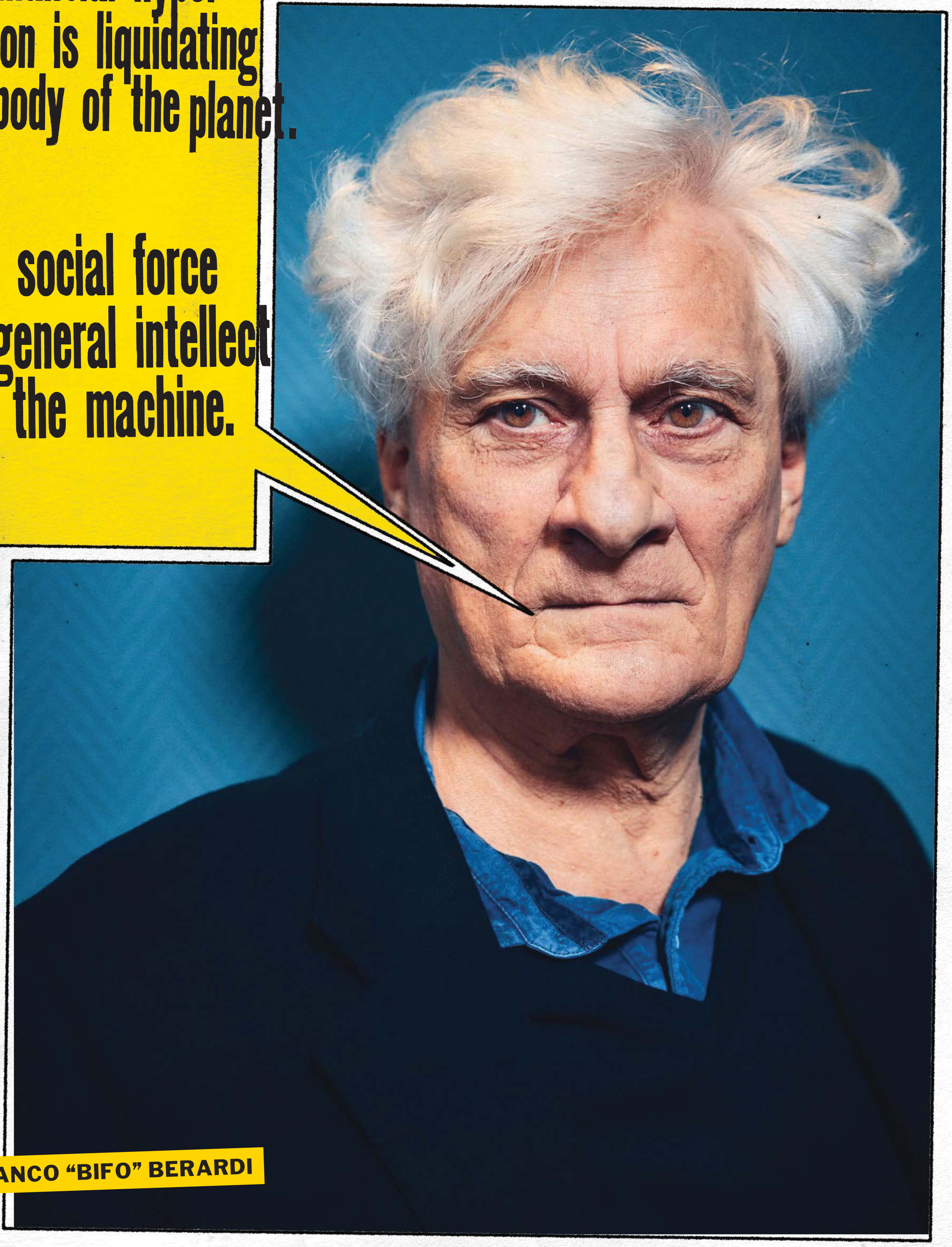
Capital follows you when you dream. Time ceases to be linear, becomes chaotic, broken down into punctiform divisions. As production and distribution are restructured, so are nervous systems. To function effectively as a component of just–in-time production you must develop a capacity to respond to unforeseen events, you must learn to live in conditions of total instability, or 'precarity', as the ugly neologism has it. Periods of work alternate with periods of unemployment. Typically, you find yourself employed in a series of short-term jobs, unable to plan for the future. —Mark Fisher



the day i got crucified "by capitalism", was very different, it was buddha day tho. I had been sleeping with Eve for a while now. I was angry about whatever, i barely remember what but i smashed a guitar infront of her. The next morning i woke up and she was gone, i jumped on that Honda 110 and raced down the road to find her on the back of a bike hightailing it, i turned around and went back, and then the world began to fall, in layers, kinda like Dante's levels of heaven were collapsing, at the end it was like the final tomb had closed above and i looked away as the condemned and controlled demolition leveled, the cross was raised and the dead guitar on that Juliet balcony; wasted. she had warned me before mind; that i would never be able to afford her; and the curse that many had talked of on the island once again wrapped round my black heart, the immense weight of buddha's attainment more real than ever and his words like that of god; were now as strong as oak to my memes. —Dee

> Digital-financial hyper-abstraction is liquidating the living body of the planet.
>
> Only the social force of the general intellect can reset the machine.

— FRANCO "BIFO" BERARDI



JACOBO MEDRANO

BOTTOMS UP MAJORITY (BUMS)

PLATFORM

☑ **ELIMINATE ALL TAX HAVENS.**

We make it illegal for banks to enact transactions with territories that don't comply with rules on tax transparency. That one simple rule closes them down instantly.

☑ **CALM SPECULATIVE FERVOR.**

We enforce a 24-hour holding rule on stock market trades. You buy it, you keep it for a day. Elegant, simple, radical.

☑ **IMPLEMENT A ROBIN HOOD TAX**

We impose a 1% tax on all stock, bond, derivative and currency trades. Use the money to eradicate extreme poverty, slow global warming and deal with unexpected global crises.

BUMS IS THE PARTY OF SYSTEMIC CHANGE.

CAMPUS PLAY

Nobel Prize Winner
CD Release Party
FUSION
soup & science
Hey Christian!
Tu as la PAROLE!
PARTY-WISE
WALK BY FA
THE BIG QUESTION:
IS ECONOMIC PROGRESS KILLING THE PLANET?
Win $25,
Grad School!

Do we have a future?
Can we keep growing forever?
Do economists know what they're doing?

Slip into the back of an econ 101 class — macroeconomics — and just listen.

If you know absolutely zero — like the proverbial space alien sent down to observe — you might assume this is a very wonky theology class, and the god being worshipped is Growth. The higher a country's GDP, the more successful that country is.

You might wonder: Wait, this class is in the *humanities* department? What humans could see themselves, their lives, in such a narrow definition of "success"? What's all this endless growth coming at the cost of?

You raise your hand. "I don't get this math," you say. "How can there be infinite growth on a finite planet? How come nobody's talking about what's in the sausage of capitalism? The trillions of dollars of damage climate change is inflicting — from devastating fires and floods to wildlife habitat destruction — how can that register as a net positive just because it's boosting GDP? The rising inequality and spiking human misery — doesn't that count? What the fuck?

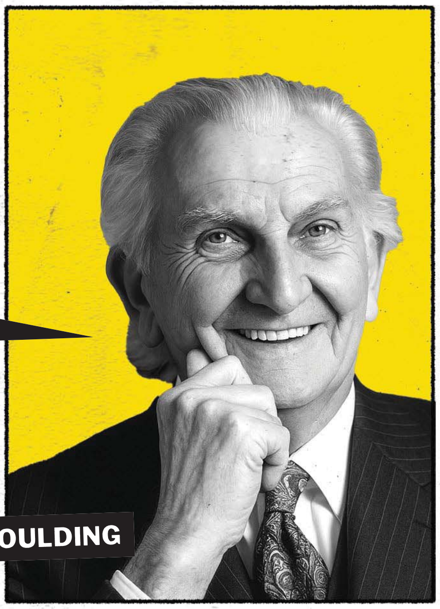
Seems like there is only one story told here: the distribution of scarce goods, the zero-sum game of the free market. If I win you lose and vice-versa, so screw you, buddy, outta my way.

It becomes clear that economics doesn't measure real progress at all — if anything, it's the opposite. More growth devastates ecosystems and creates a nightmare scenario for future generations. Ask Gen Z how hopeful they feel! Australian economist Sam Keen says: "To have a future neoclassical economics has to go … we heterodox economists have to replace it with something properly grounded in the physical reality of Planet Earth."

We're not going to make it through the 21st century with the current bunch still teaching this bullshit paradigm.

THERE IS NO EMOTION OR LOVE INVOLVED IN DECISIONS BASED ON ECONOMIC RATIONALITY.

— LOURDES BENERÍA



ANYONE WHO BELIEVES EXPONENTIAL GROWTH CAN GO ON FOREVER IS EITHER A MADMAN OR AN ECONOMIST.

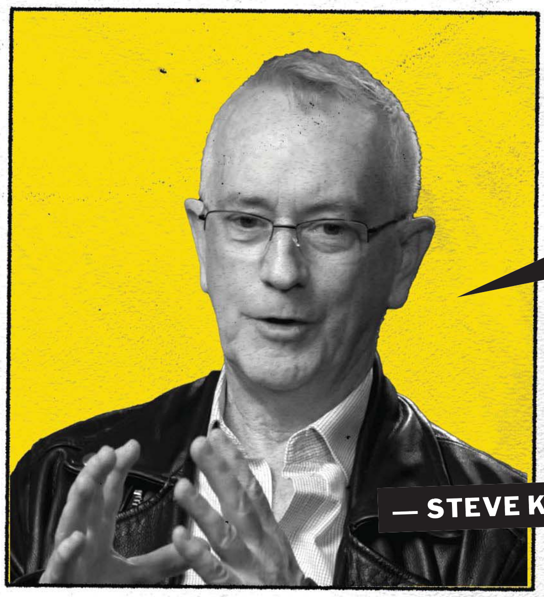
— KENNETH BOULDING

STOP CREATING MONEY OUT OF NOTHING!

— FREDERICK SODDY

EXISTENCE IS A FREE GIFT FROM THE SUN.

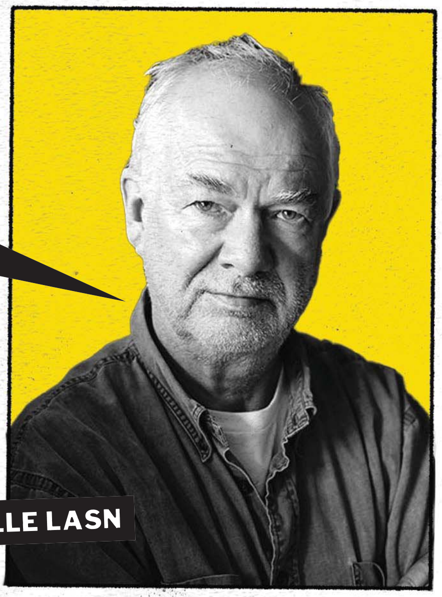
— NICHOLAS GEORGESCU-ROGEN



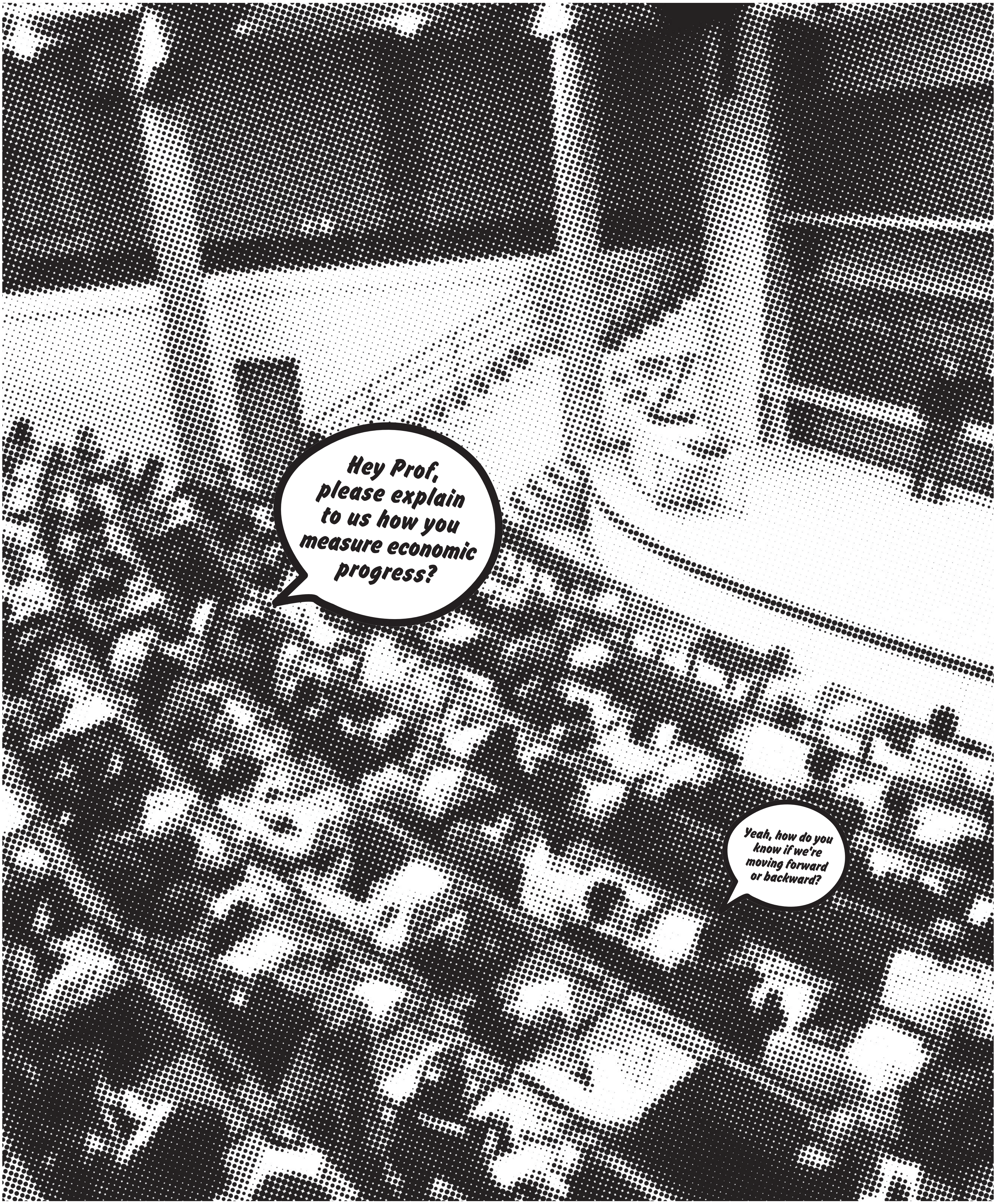
IF WE ARE TO HAVE A FUTURE, THEN NEOCLASSICAL ECONOMICS HAS TO GO, AND WE HETERODOX ECONOMISTS HAVE TO REPLACE IT WITH SOMETHING PROPERLY GROUNDED IN THE PHYSICAL REALITY OF PLANET EARTH.

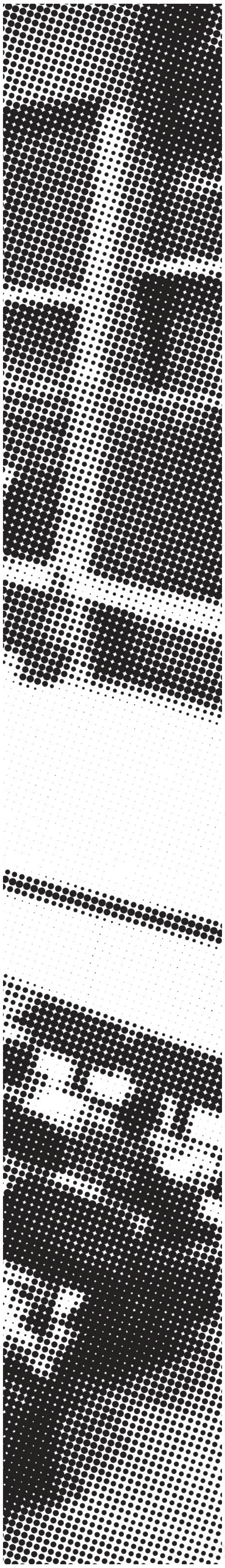
— STEVE KEEN

LET'S GRAB THE OLD SCHOOL PRACTITIONERS BY THE SCRUFFS OF THEIR NECKS AND TOSS THEM OUT OF POWER.



— KALLE LASN

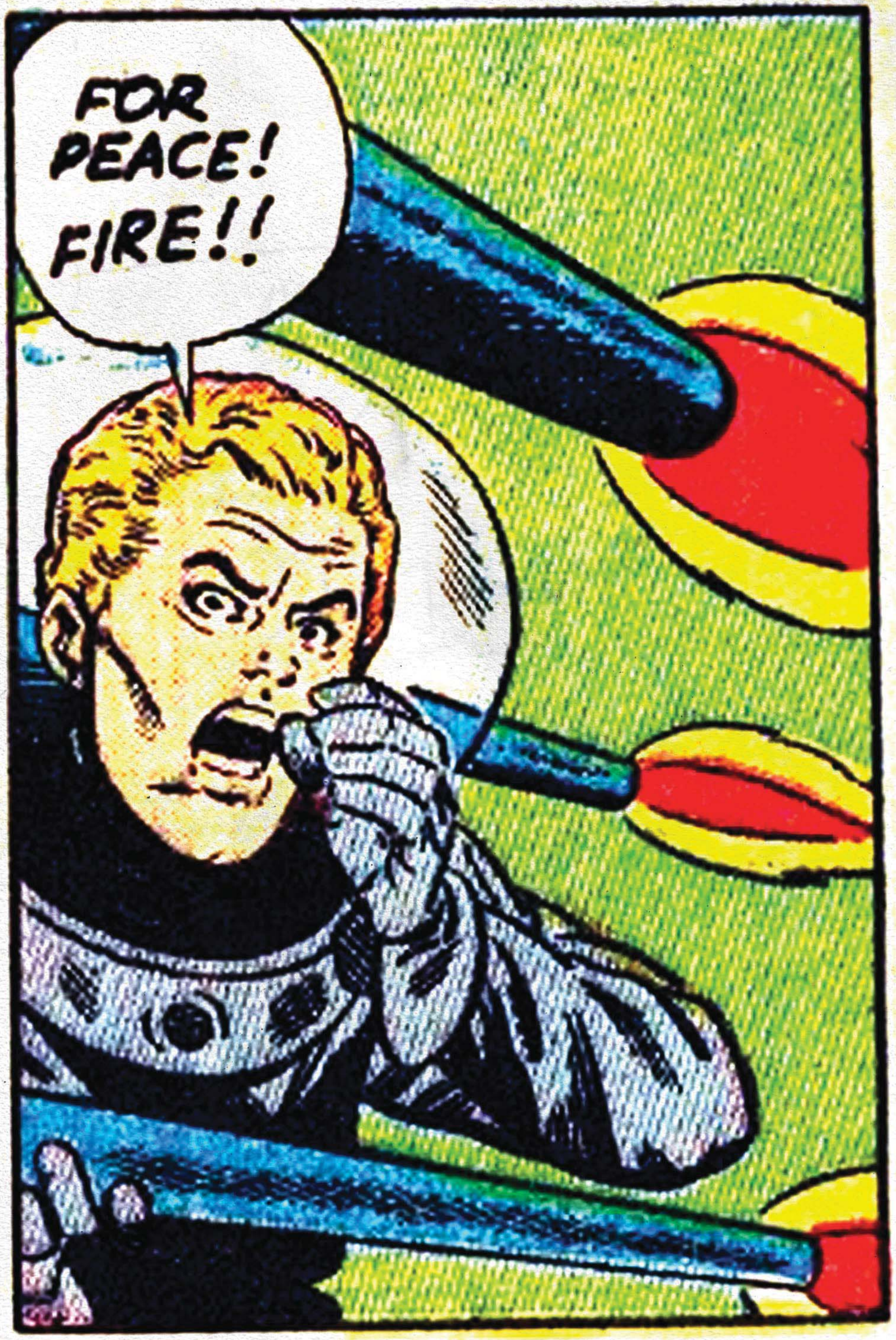

Hey Prof, please explain to us how you measure economic progress?
Yeah, how do you know if we're moving forward or backward?

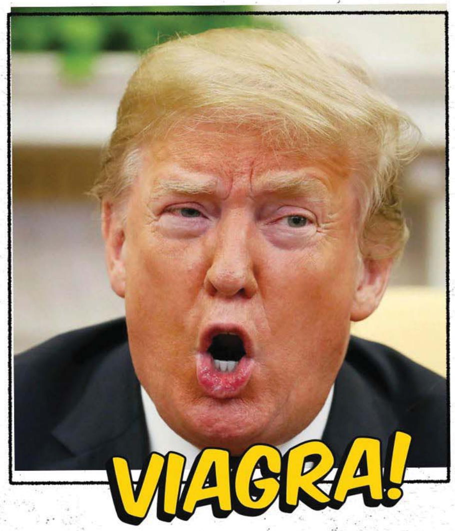


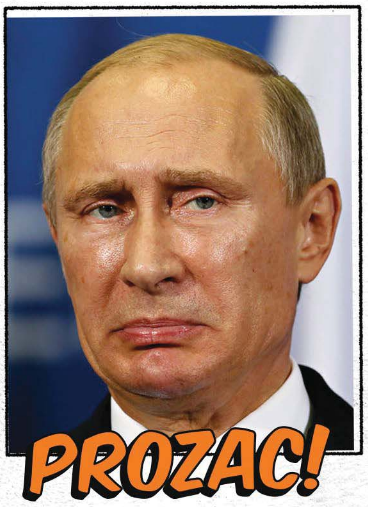
Every Friday, you whack posters and manifestos up in the corridors of your Economics department

DOWNLOAD POSTERS HERE

PLAY POLITICS


FOR PEACE! FIRE!!

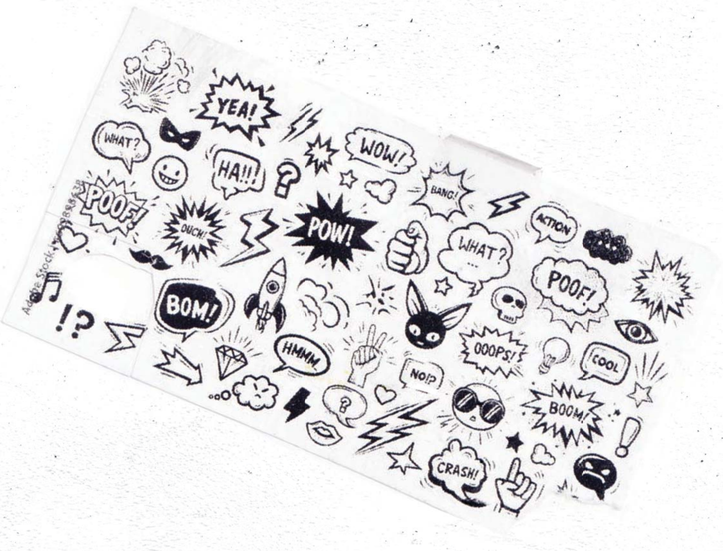




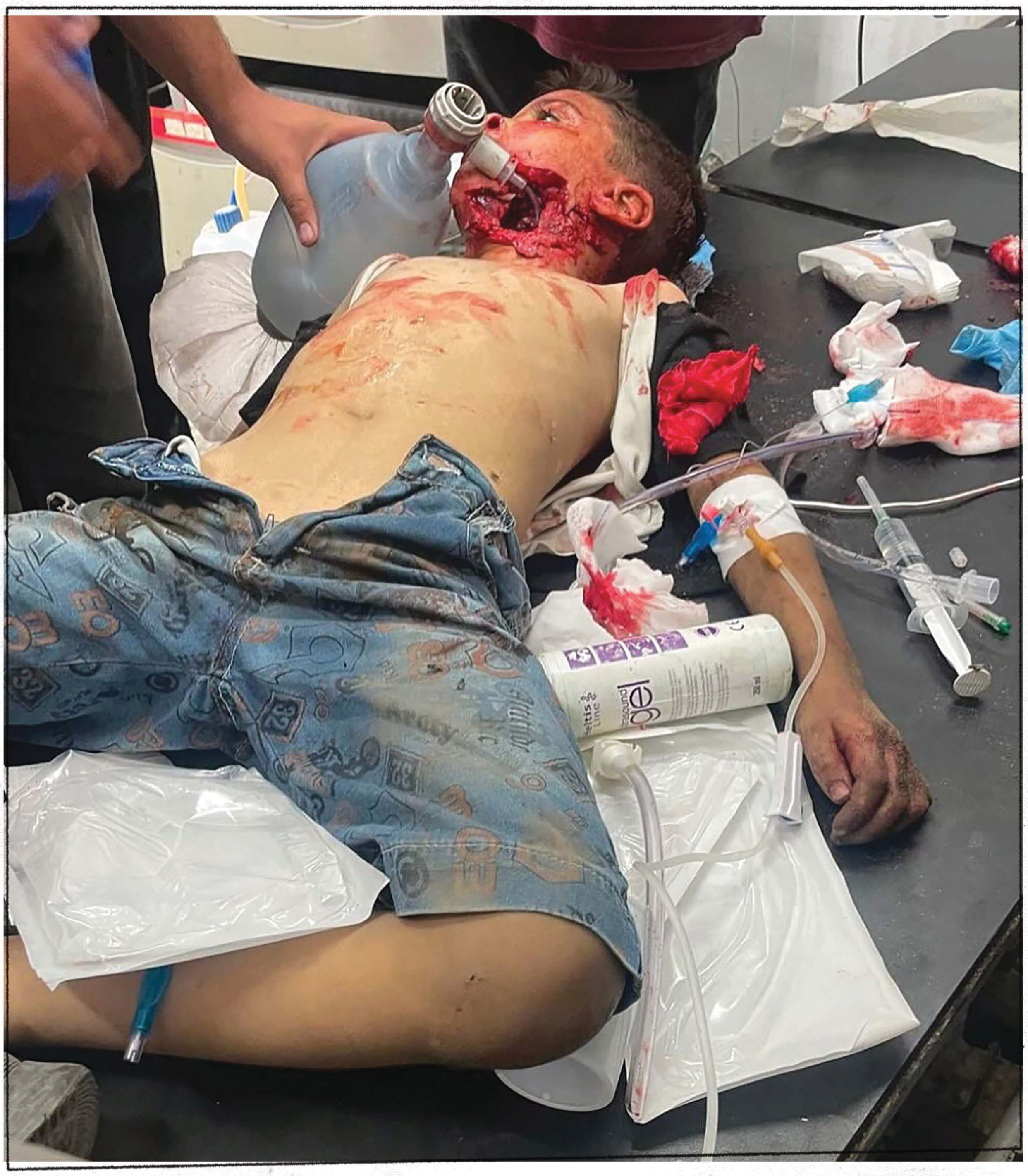
Will we human beings ever stop killing, torturing and brutalizing each other? Will the goodness of the human soul triumph in the end? Or is brutality actually the norm? Will cats stop preying on birds? Will lions stop hunting down deer? Are we not animals too? Isn't **MIGHT IS RIGHT** the way life on our planet has always unfolded?

This is the scary question to ponder as we plummet into another era of mayhem.

NO, NO, NO
THIS CAN'T BE


YEA!
WHAT?
WOW!
HA!!!
POOF!
OUCH!
POW!
BANG!
ACTION
WHAT?
POOF!
BOM!
!?
HMMM
NO!?
OOOPS!
COOL
BOOM!
CRASH!

TERROR BOMBING



20,000 CHILDREN'S BODIES RIPPED APART

TERRORIST = FREEDOM FIGHTER

Israel was born out of an act of terror: the Nakba.

Three quarters of a million people driven out of their villages — wells poisoned, crops burned, homes razed — so there could be no returning. Many atrocities — including rape and murder — were carried out by the militant Zionist group The Stern Gang, whose leader, Avraham Stern, evoked the Torah: “Ye shall blot them out to the last man.”

The British called the Stern Group terrorists. The group even copped to that label themselves. But in our world the nation state is the measure of all things, and in 1948 when Israel became a state, what we’d been calling terrorism came up for review.

The new Israeli government declared the Stern Gang a terrorist group — at first; some of its members were arrested.

But soon after they were granted a pardon. In time they simply became freedom fighters, part of the noble history of a legitimate nation-state abiding by international law.

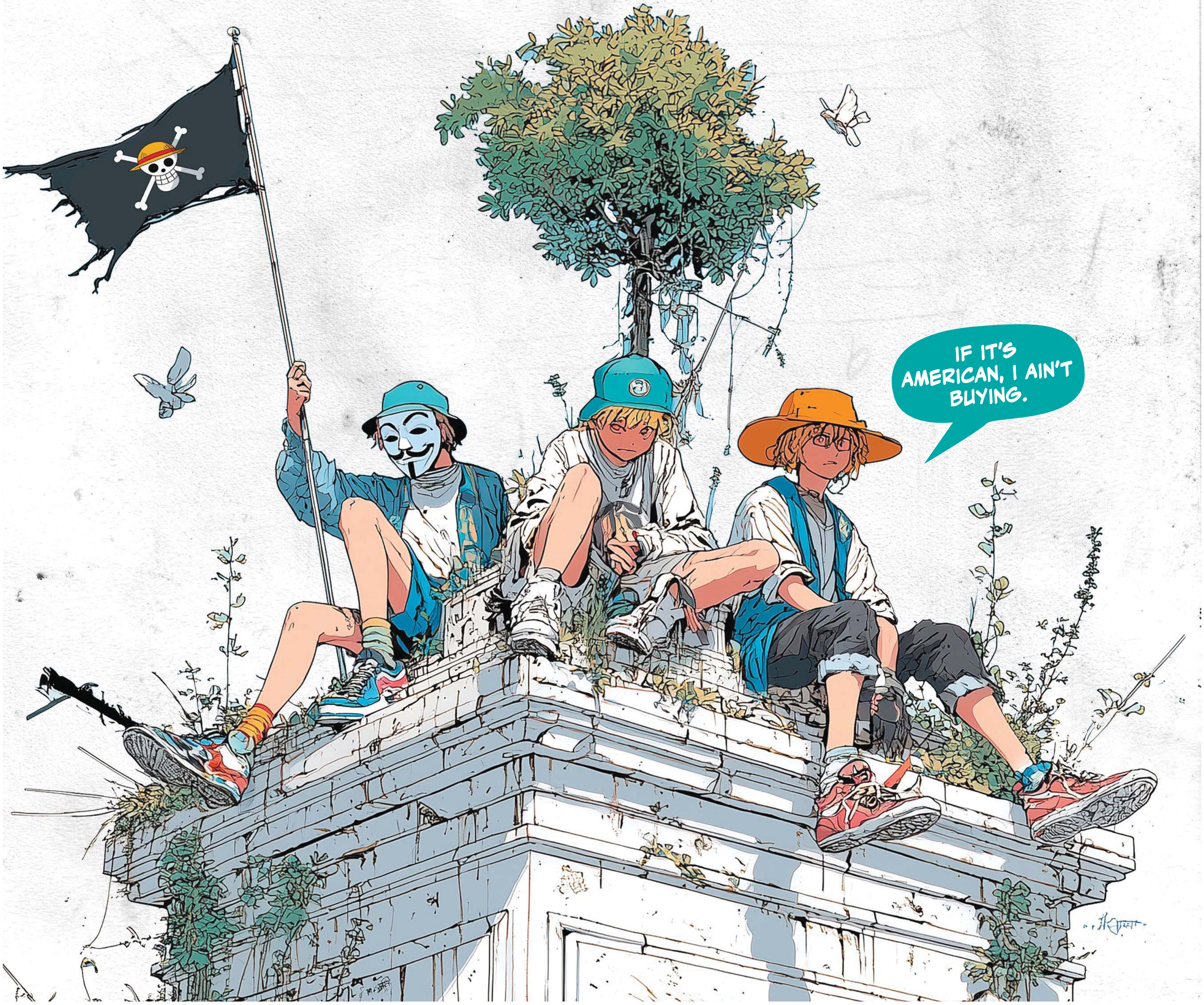
Most of the Stern Gang’s members joined what is now the Israeli army, and Avraham Stern’s successor, Issac Shamir, was actually elected Israeli prime minister for two terms. An official postage stamp with Avraham Stern’s picture was issued, and now memorial ceremonies are held at Stern’s grave every year. The street where Stern was killed was renamed Stern Street and the building where Stern was killed is now a museum run by the patronage of the Israeli defence ministry.

• • •

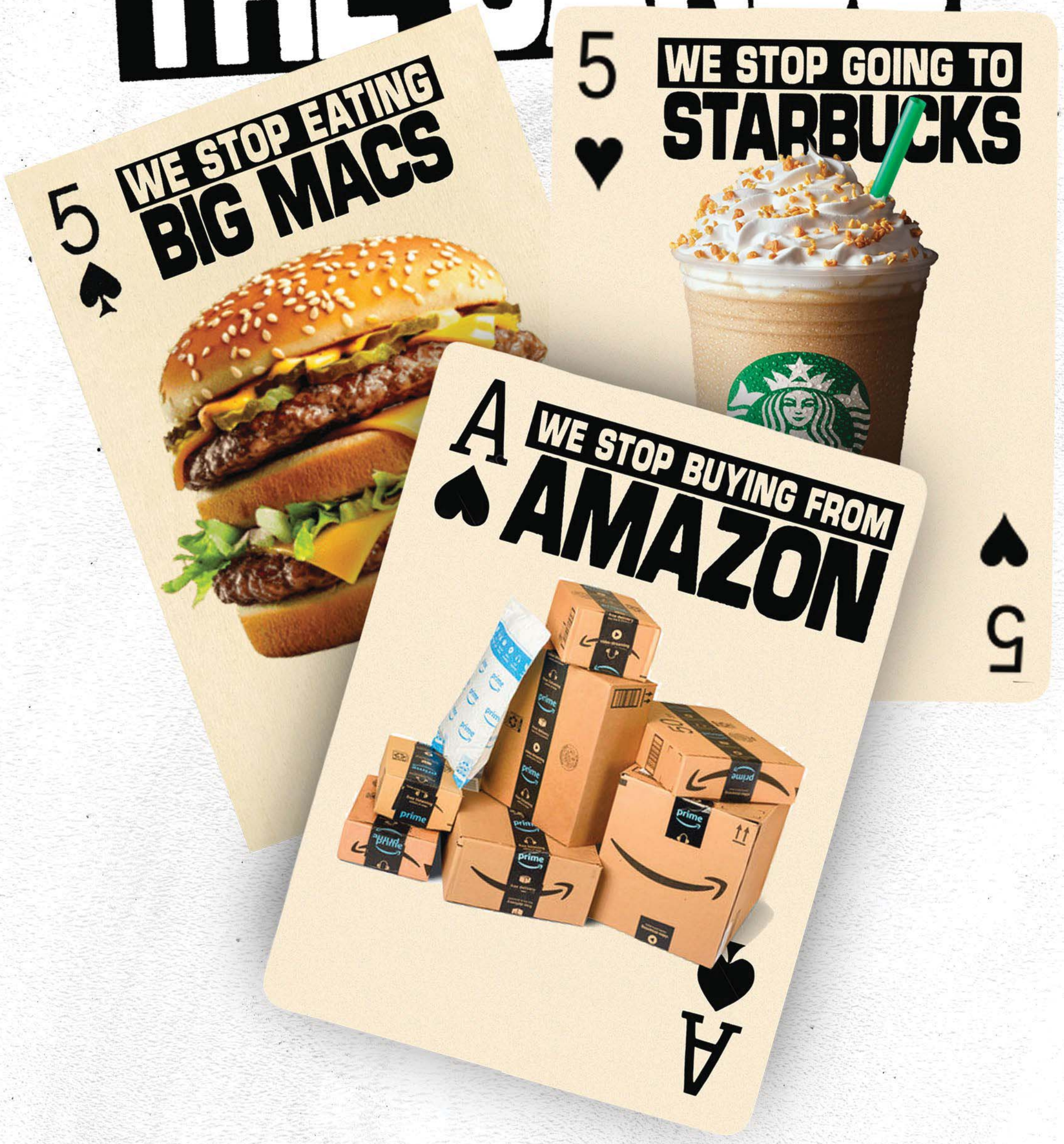
Once the Palestinian state is born, Yasser Arafat will be celebrated as the nation’s founder. An annual holiday will be named after him. His face will be printed on Palestinian currency. Memorials for Hamas’ spiritual founder Sheikh Ahmed Yassin, who was assassinated by Israel, will be held. The street where the IDF killed Yahya Sinwar will be renamed Sinwar Street.

And the terrorists of October 7th who provoked Israel into its genocidal massacre? Their own crimes will vanish into the mist, just as did the Stern Group’s before them. They will go down in history as the heroic freedom fighters who turned the world against Israel and paved the way to a free Palestine.

WORLDWIDE BOYCOTT OF TRUMP'S AMERICA


IF IT'S AMERICAN, I AIN'T BUYING.

WE HOLD THE CARDS

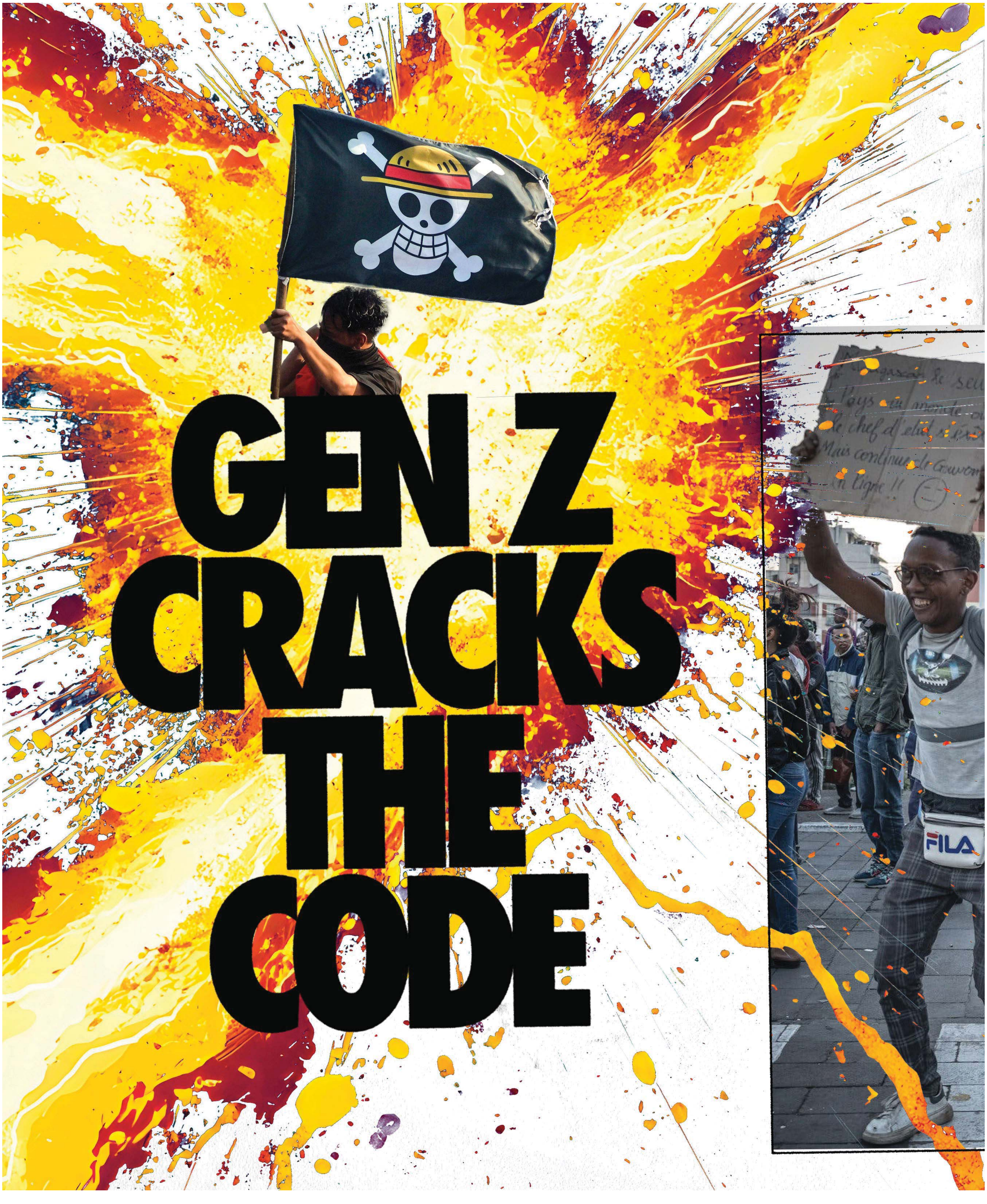

5
WE STOP EATING
BIG MACS
5
WE STOP GOING TO
STARBUCKS
5
A
WE STOP BUYING FROM
AMAZON
A

If we can reduce the GDP of the U.S. by 1%,or god forbid, perhaps even 5%, then Trump's MAGA will crumble.

Geopolitics will heave in a stunning new direction, because for the first time in human history the people of the world have unified and acted as ONE!

Anything and everything will be possible after that.

GEN Z CRACKS THE CODE


gascar le seu
Pays au monde o
le chef d'état s'exi
Mais continue de Gouvern
en Ligne !!
FILA

NEPAL, INDONESIA, KENYA, MADAGASCAR, MOROCCO, SUDAN, SOUTH AFRICA, THAILAND, THE PHILLIPPINES, PERU, TIMOR-LESTE, SERBIA, TOGO, BANGLADESH, LEBANON, PARAGUAY, SOUTH KOREA, TUNISIA & **MORE...**

Our first crack at world revolution didn't quite work out in 1968, and in 2011 Occupy Wall Street also ran out of steam -- but maybe now Gen Z has cracked the code.

WORLD

NEPAL
MOROCCO
INDONESIA
NEPAL

SPRING

KENYA
MOROCCO

Gen Z is scorned and pitied, a "lost generation," irony-poisoned, screen-addicted bedrotters.

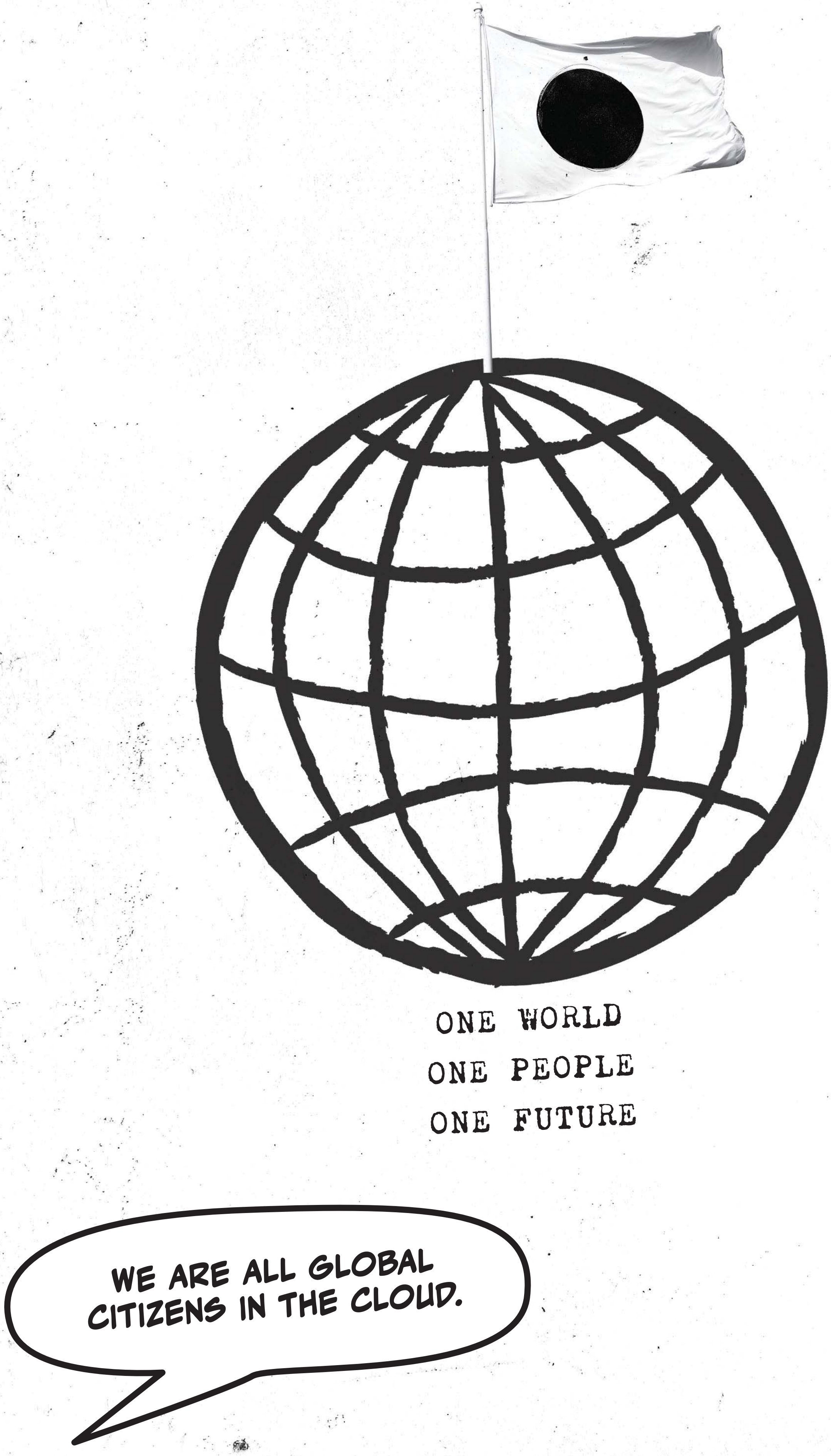
That's in the West. The rest of the world sees things differently.

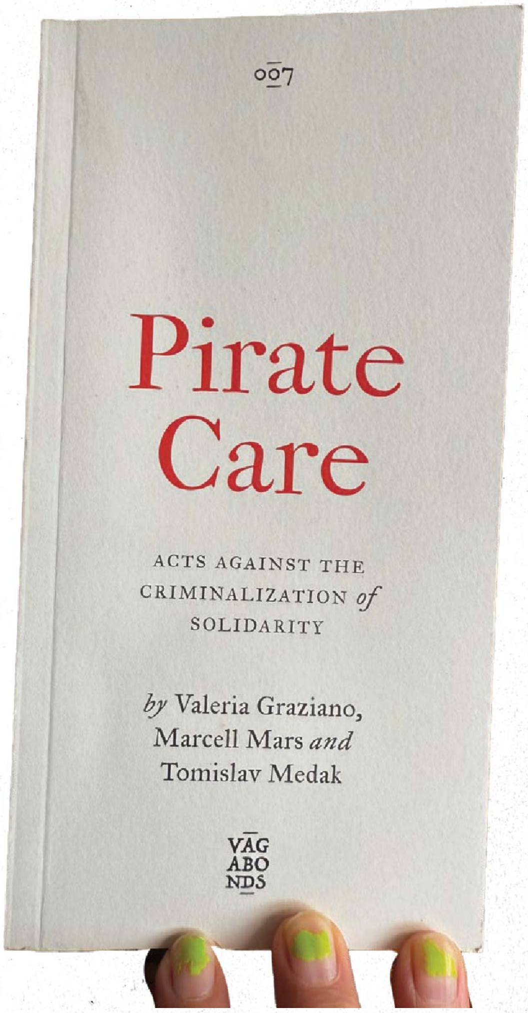
To them, post-millennials are the advance guard of a new tomorrow -- waging an infectious, fierce and often hilarious war on decadence, corruption and broken political systems. They're heroes, because look:

They. Are. Getting. Shit. Done.

With the brazen courage of humans with nothing to lose, they're rising up to knock authoritarian regimes out of power. They're leveraging their upbringing in the digital world to pull off systemic heaves all over the world. Memes, reels, livestreams, the For You page, Manga mythology . . . tick tick boom.

YOU'RE NEXT, USA


ONE WORLD
ONE PEOPLE
ONE FUTURE
WE ARE ALL GLOBAL CITIZENS IN THE CLOUD.



007

Pirate Care

ACTS AGAINST THE CRIMINALIZATION *of* SOLIDARITY

by Valeria Graziano, Marcell Mars *and* Tomislav Medak

VAG
ABO
NDS

This book is a pirate's map of an emerging archipelago of militant care practices that are rising from the wreckage left of Empire's failing institutional matrix. With such a map in hand, as incomplete as it is, we can chart courses through the worsening conditions we're unfortunately bound to face. As the social fabric continues to fray and the criminalization of care escalates, pirate carers are demonstrating the radical shifts in solidarity that will be crucial for survival and our ability to thrive together. Soon, we might all need to become pirate carers, or we risk becoming complicit in the destruction of the social and natural world. Understanding and learning from these carers isn't just about envisioning a better world; it's about preparing for the unavoidable struggles ahead.

— *Anonymous Pirate Carer* ⚑

BASE

OFFICE GURU **Ellina Rabbat**
¡ADIOS! **Jisoo Im**

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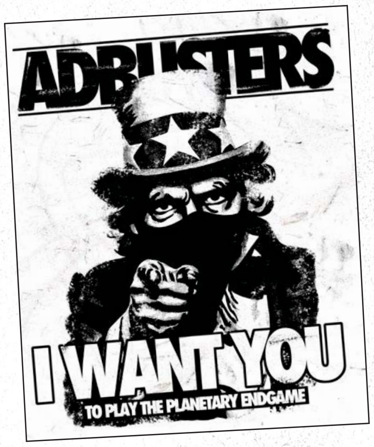
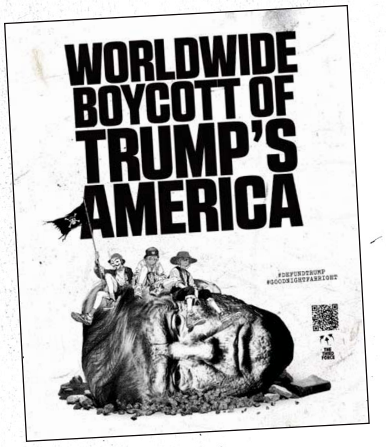
PEDRO INOUE



BACK COVER
PEDRO INOUE



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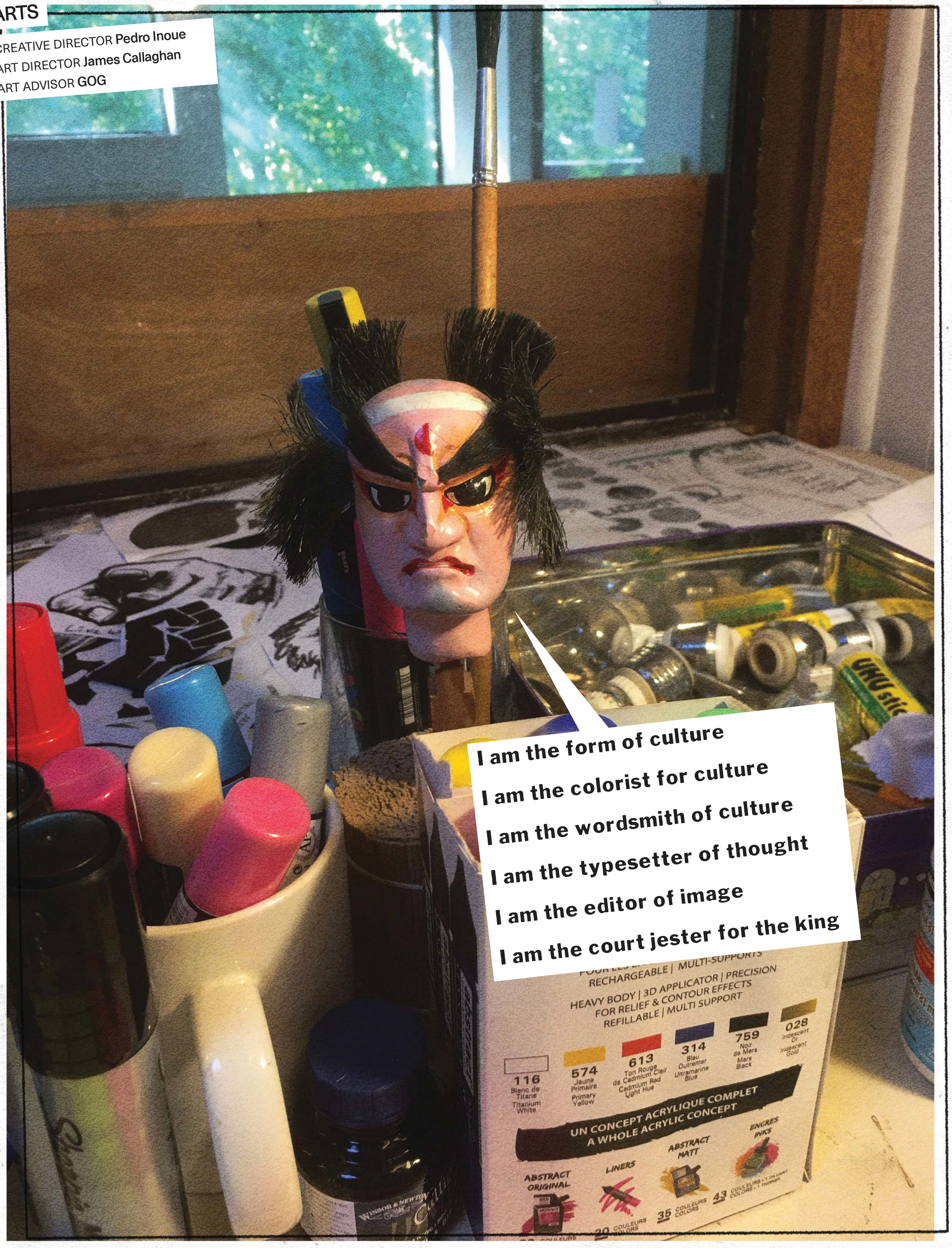
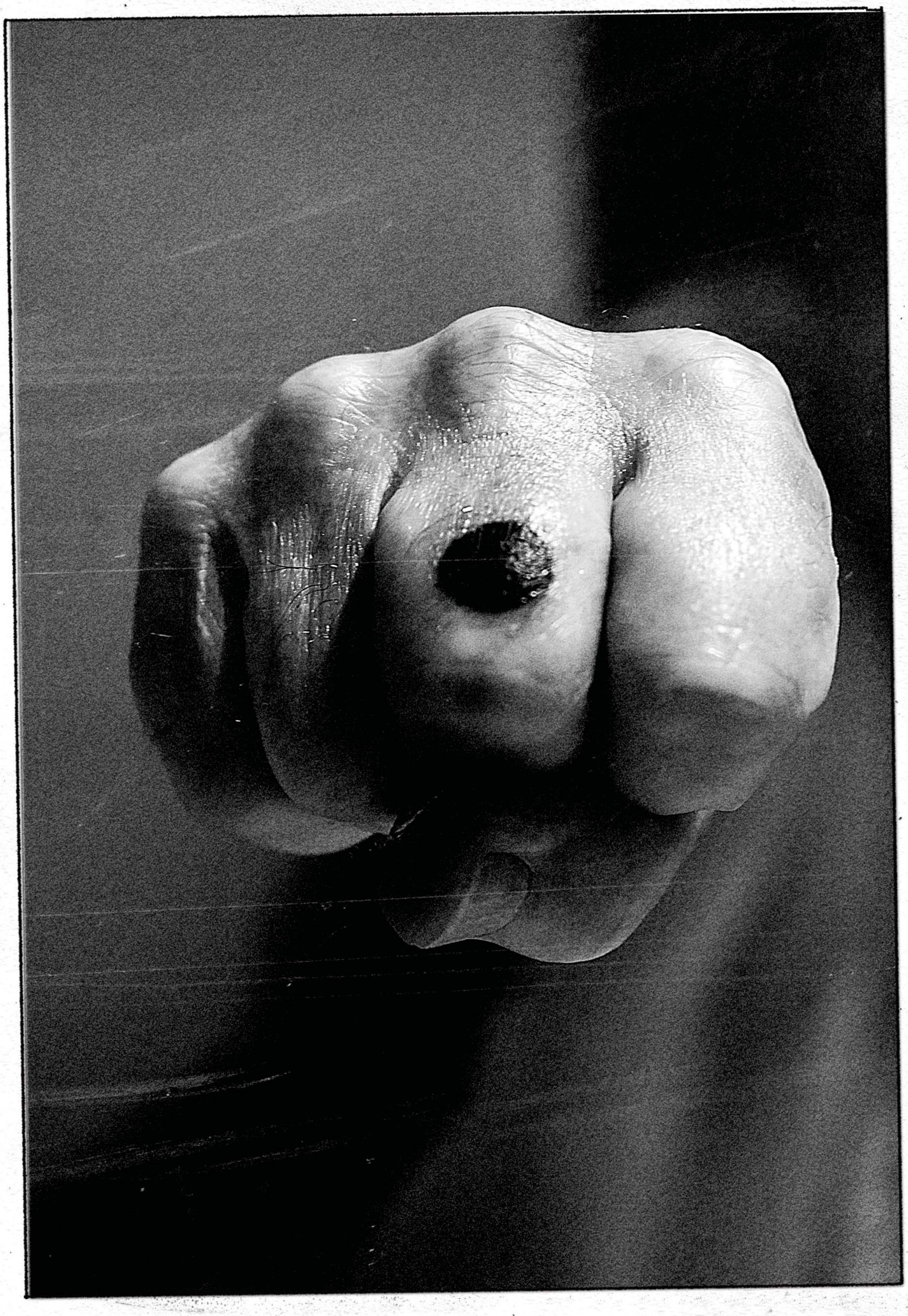
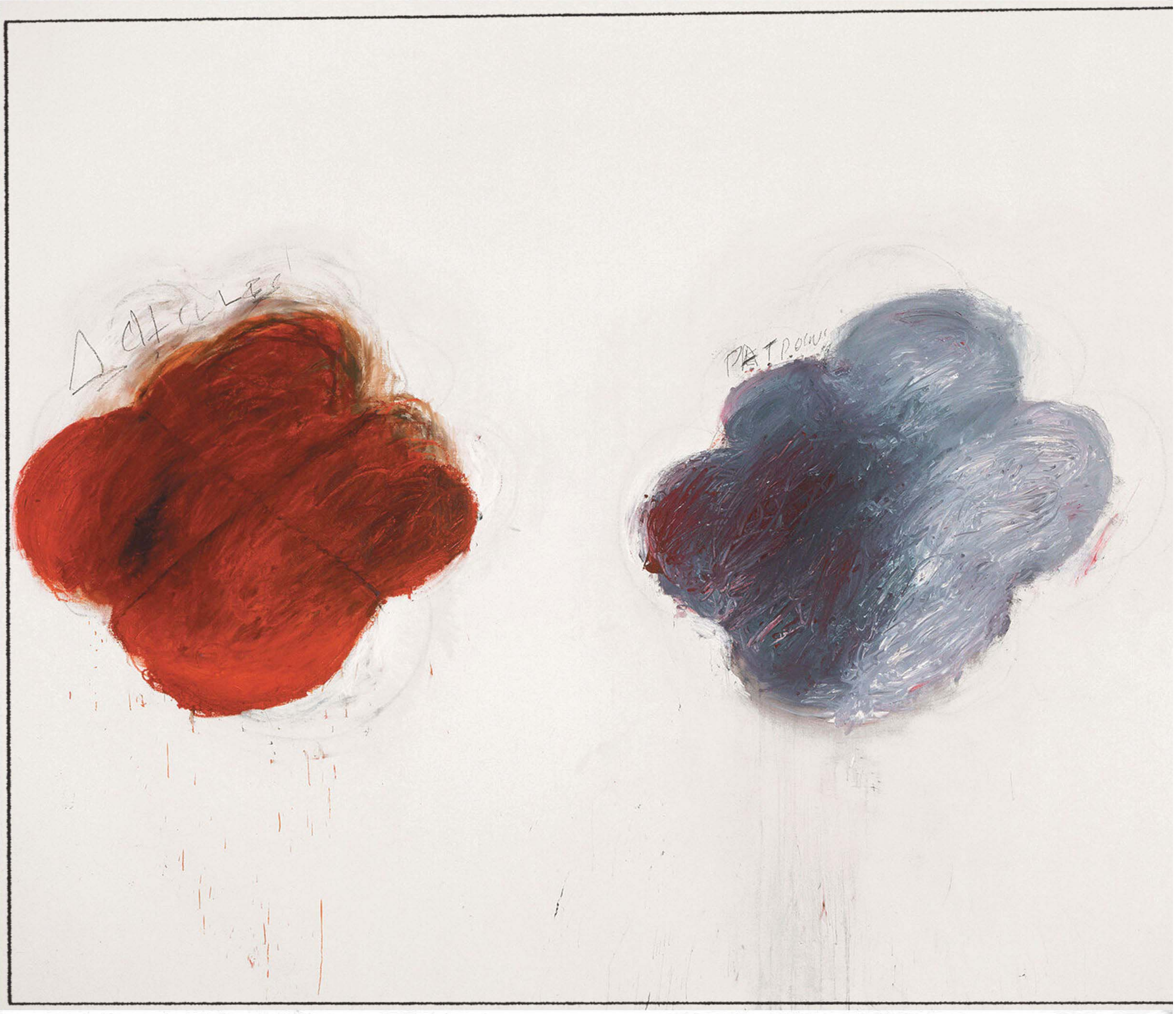
ARTS

CREATIVE DIRECTOR **Pedro Inoue**
ART DIRECTOR **James Callaghan**
ART ADVISOR **GOG**


I am the form of culture
I am the colorist for culture
I am the wordsmith of culture
I am the typesetter of thought
I am the editor of image
I am the court jester for the king

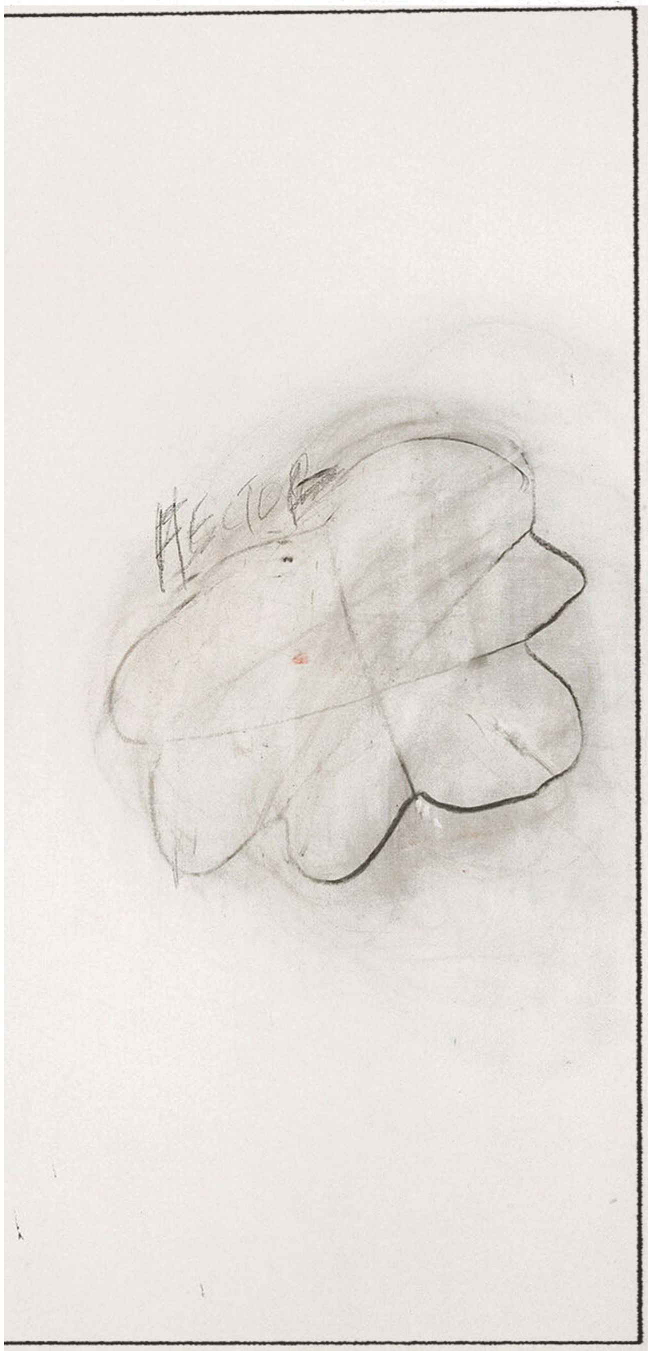


I am fight



ACHILLES
PATROCLUS

CY TWOMBLY



I want to morph into
a new kind of human being.

A more empathetic kind of human being.

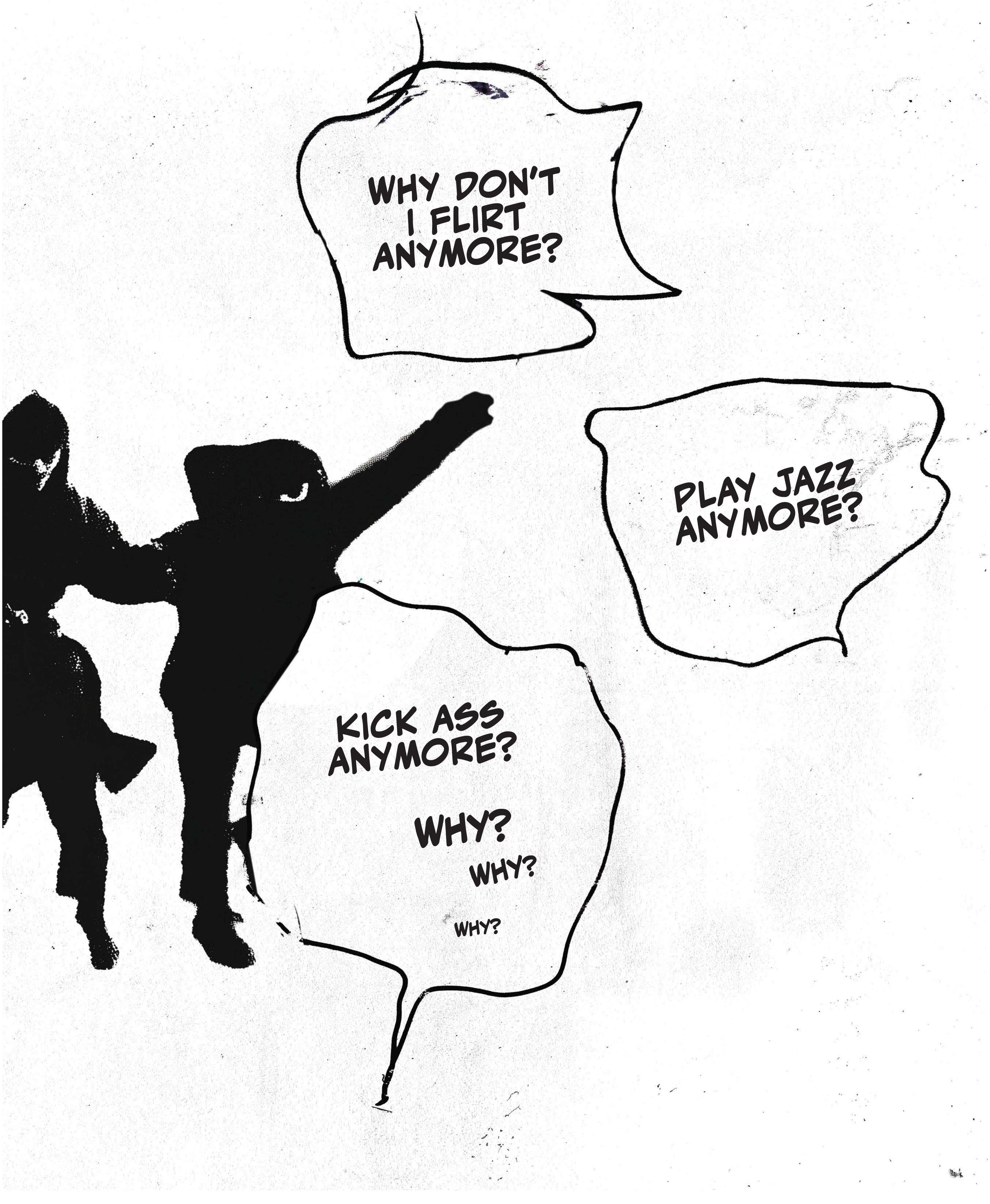
A human being that has rational smarts,
but is not overcome by them.

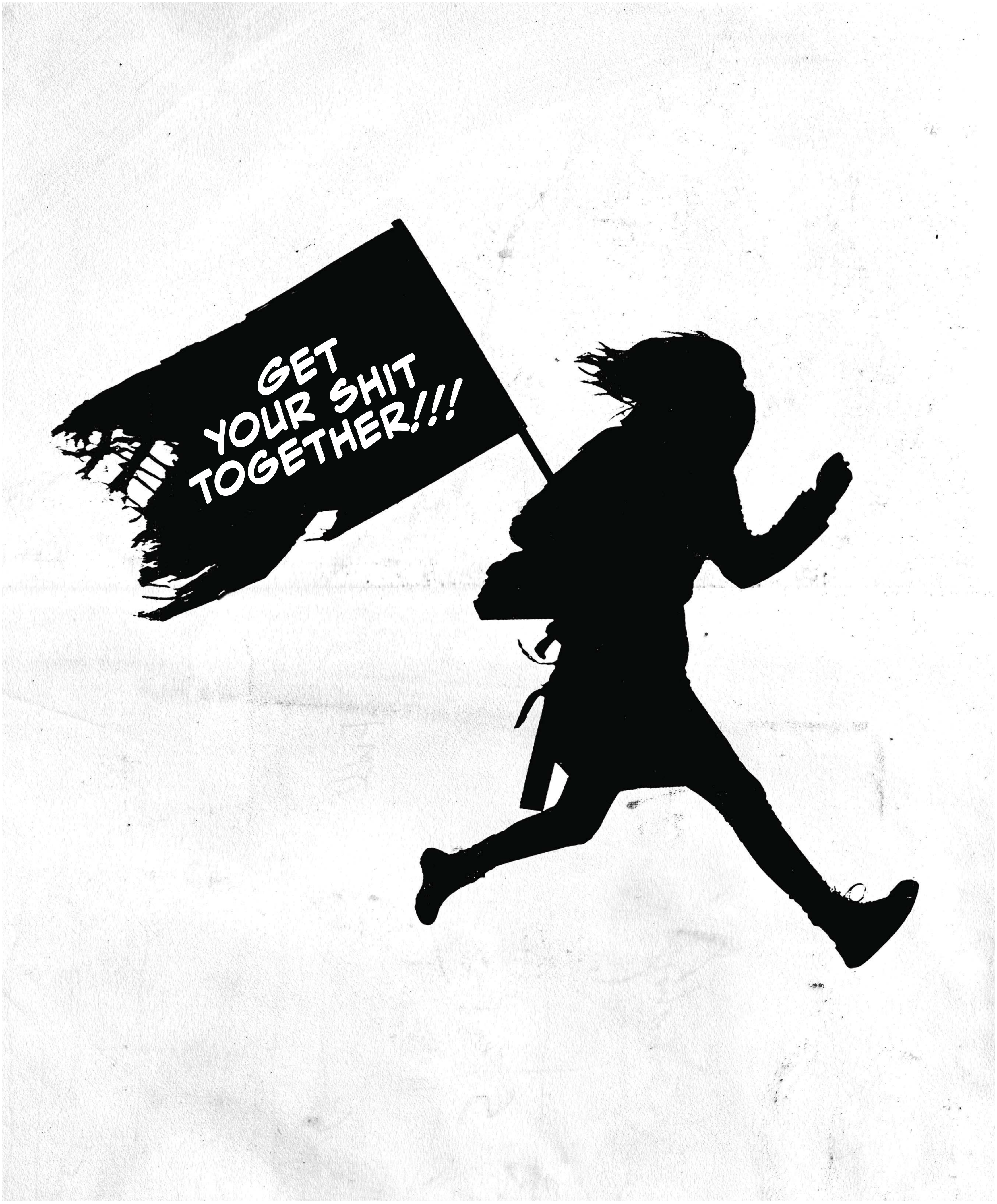
A human who is not so self-centered.

A more courageous human being,
willing to take more chances
and play a riskier
game.

VERY PERSONAL PLAYS

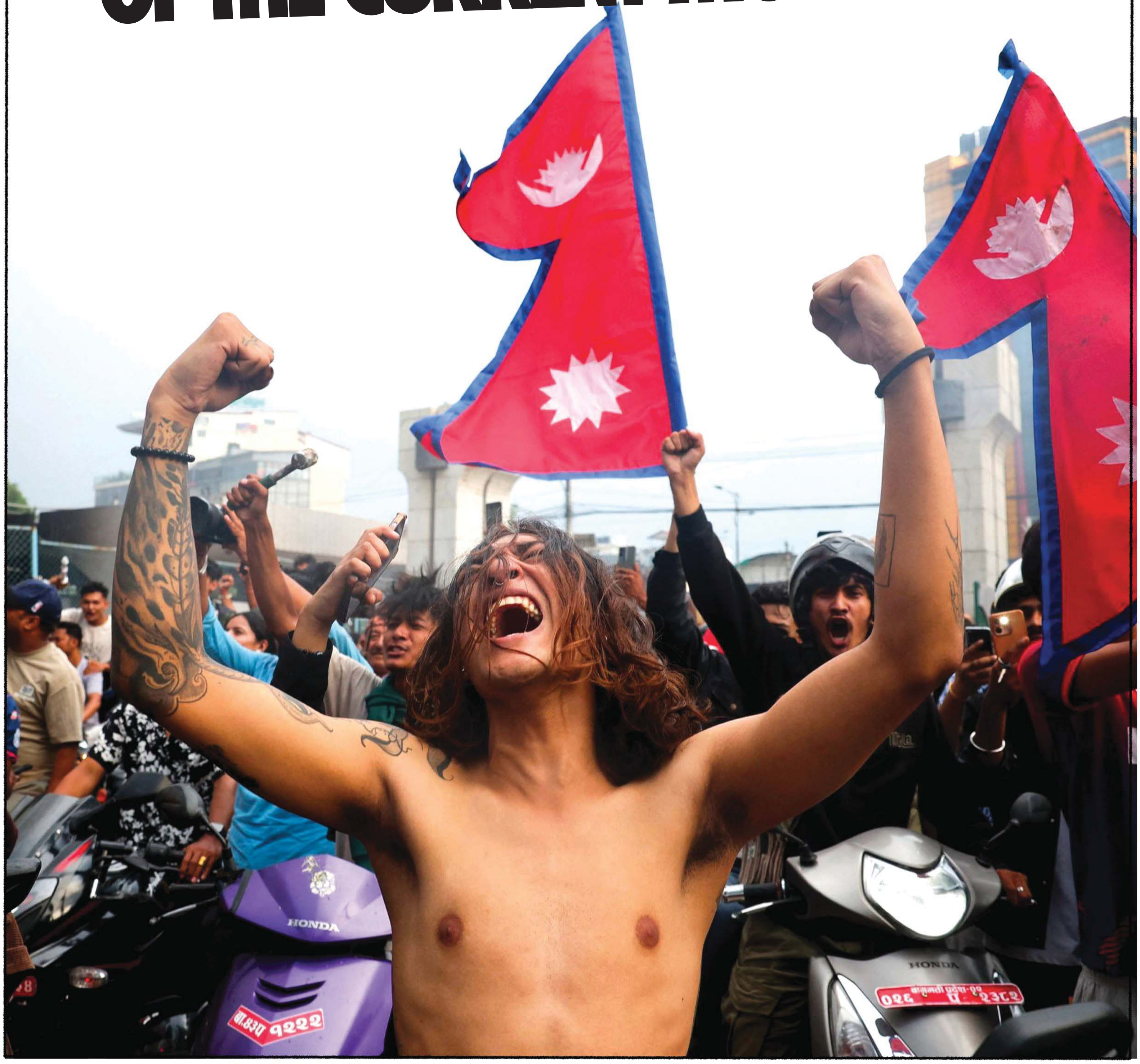
WHAT THE FUCK IS WRONG WITH ME?

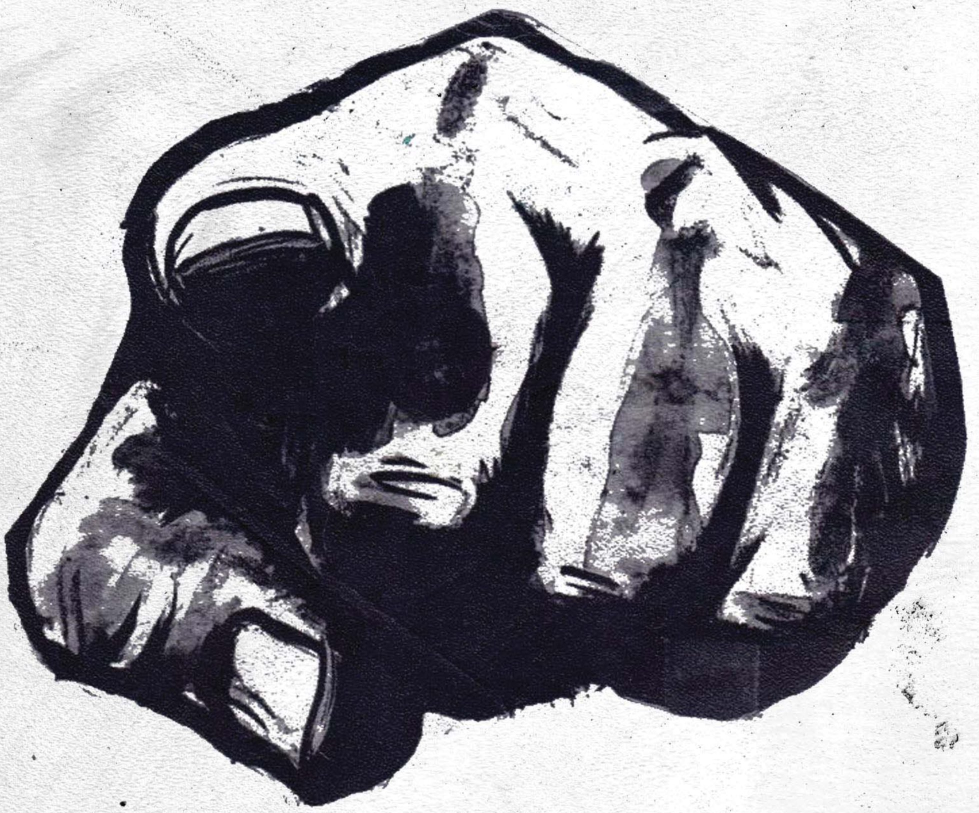

WHY DON’T I FLIRT ANYMORE?
PLAY JAZZ ANYMORE?
KICK ASS ANYMORE?
WHY?
WHY?
WHY?


GET
YOUR SHIT
TOGETHER!!!

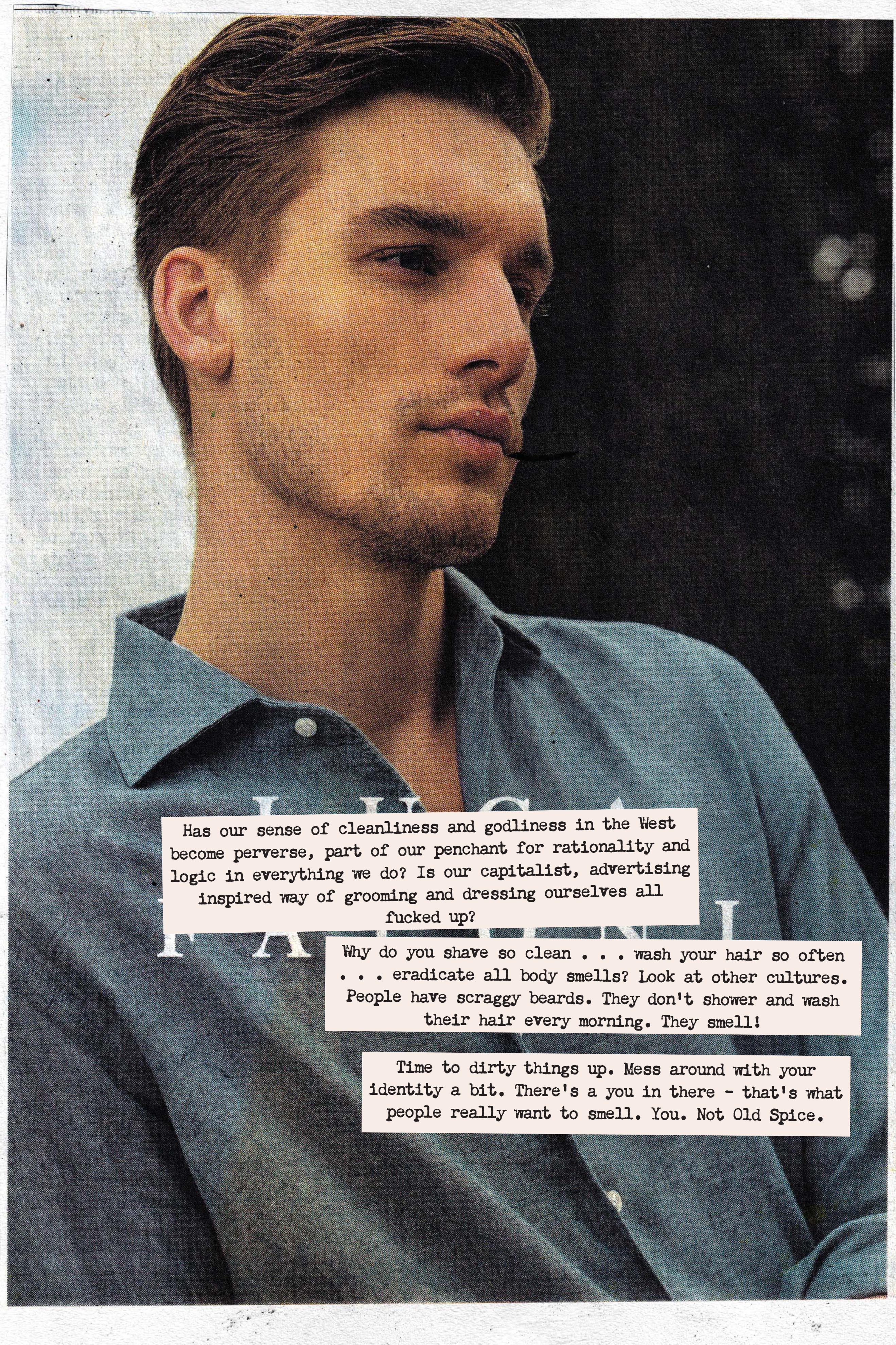
BREAK! BREAK! BREAK!

OUT OF THE DARK INSANITY OF THE CURRENT MOMENT


HONDA
HONDA



a
dirtier
you

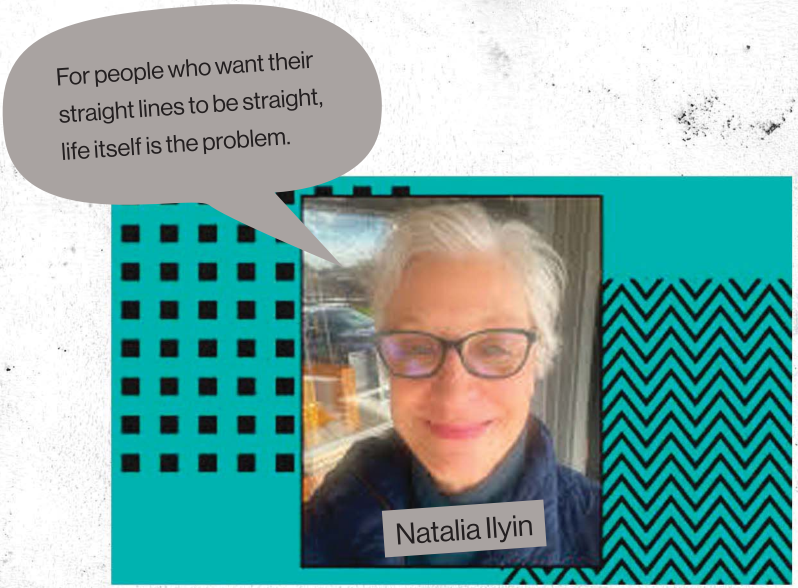


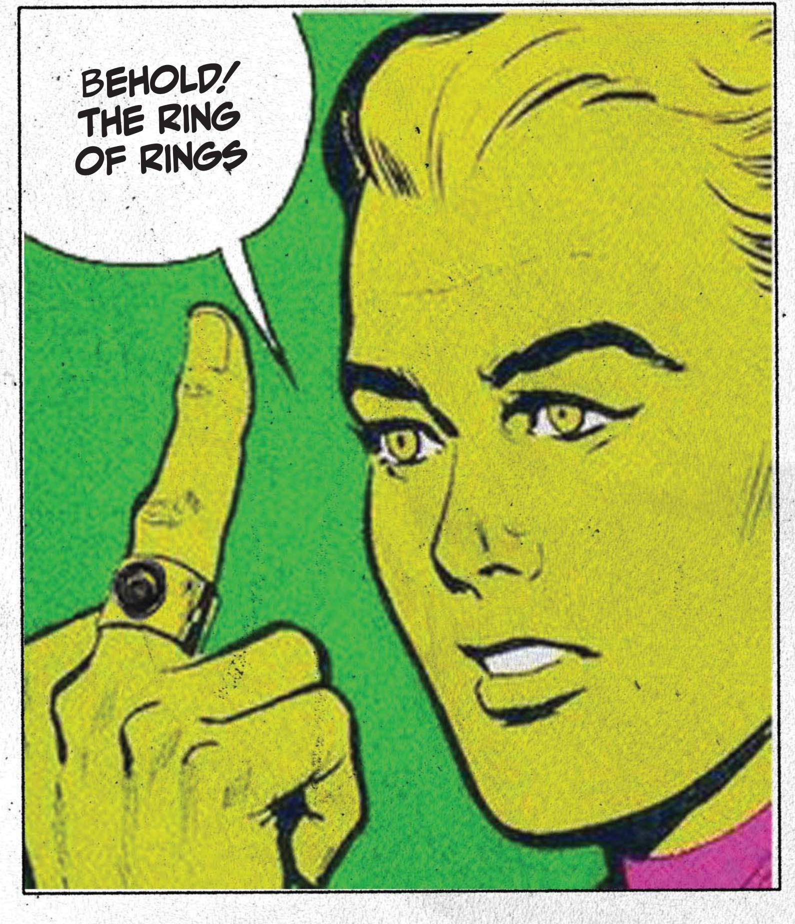
Has our sense of cleanliness and godliness in the West become perverse, part of our penchant for rationality and logic in everything we do? Is our capitalist, advertising inspired way of grooming and dressing ourselves all fucked up?

Why do you shave so clean . . . wash your hair so often . . . eradicate all body smells? Look at other cultures. People have scraggy beards. They don't shower and wash their hair every morning. They smell!

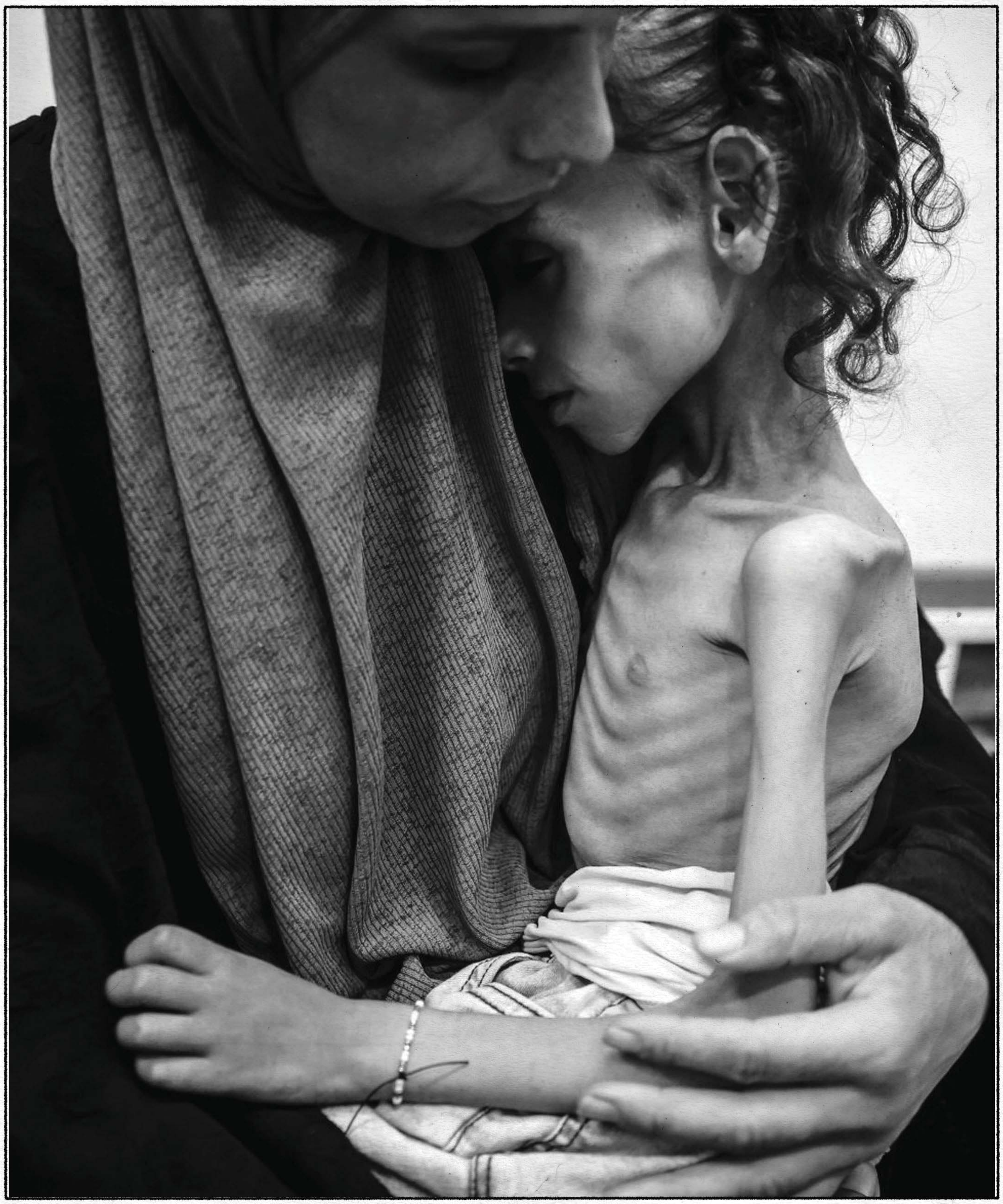
Time to dirty things up. Mess around with your identity a bit. There's a you in there - that's what people really want to smell. You. Not Old Spice.

A MORE PLAYFUL & SPONTANEOUS YOU


For people who want their straight lines to be straight, life itself is the problem.
Natalia Ilyin


BEHOLD! THE RING OF RINGS

A MORE
COMPASSIONATE
& EMPATHETIC
YOU



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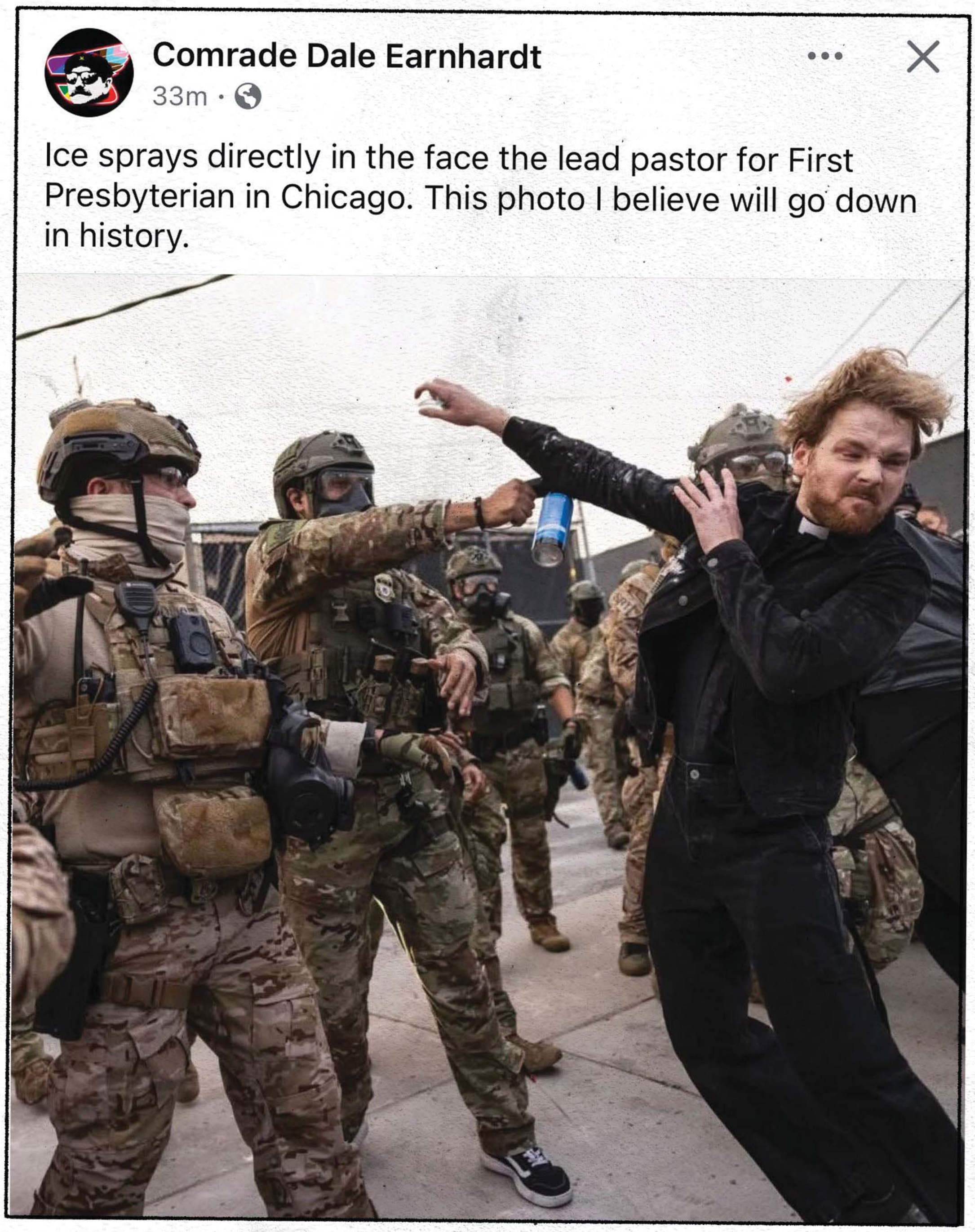
A SIMPLER WILDER & MORE IMMEDIATE YOU



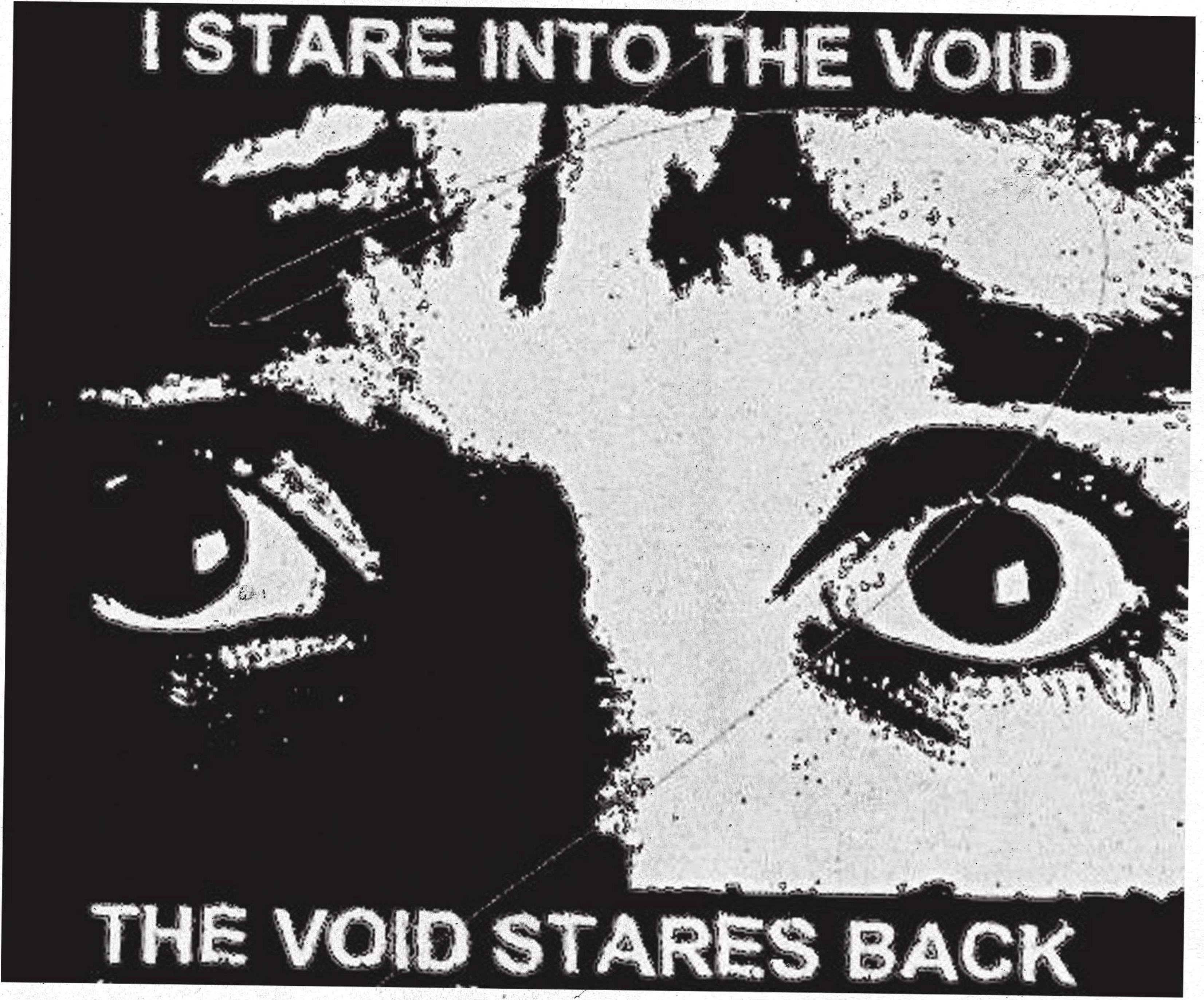
Comrade Dale Earnhardt
33m ·

Ice sprays directly in the face the lead pastor for First Presbyterian in Chicago. This photo I believe will go down in history.

BECAUSE AS WE ALL KNOW, SENTIMENT WITHOUT ACTION IS THE RUIN OF THE SOUL.

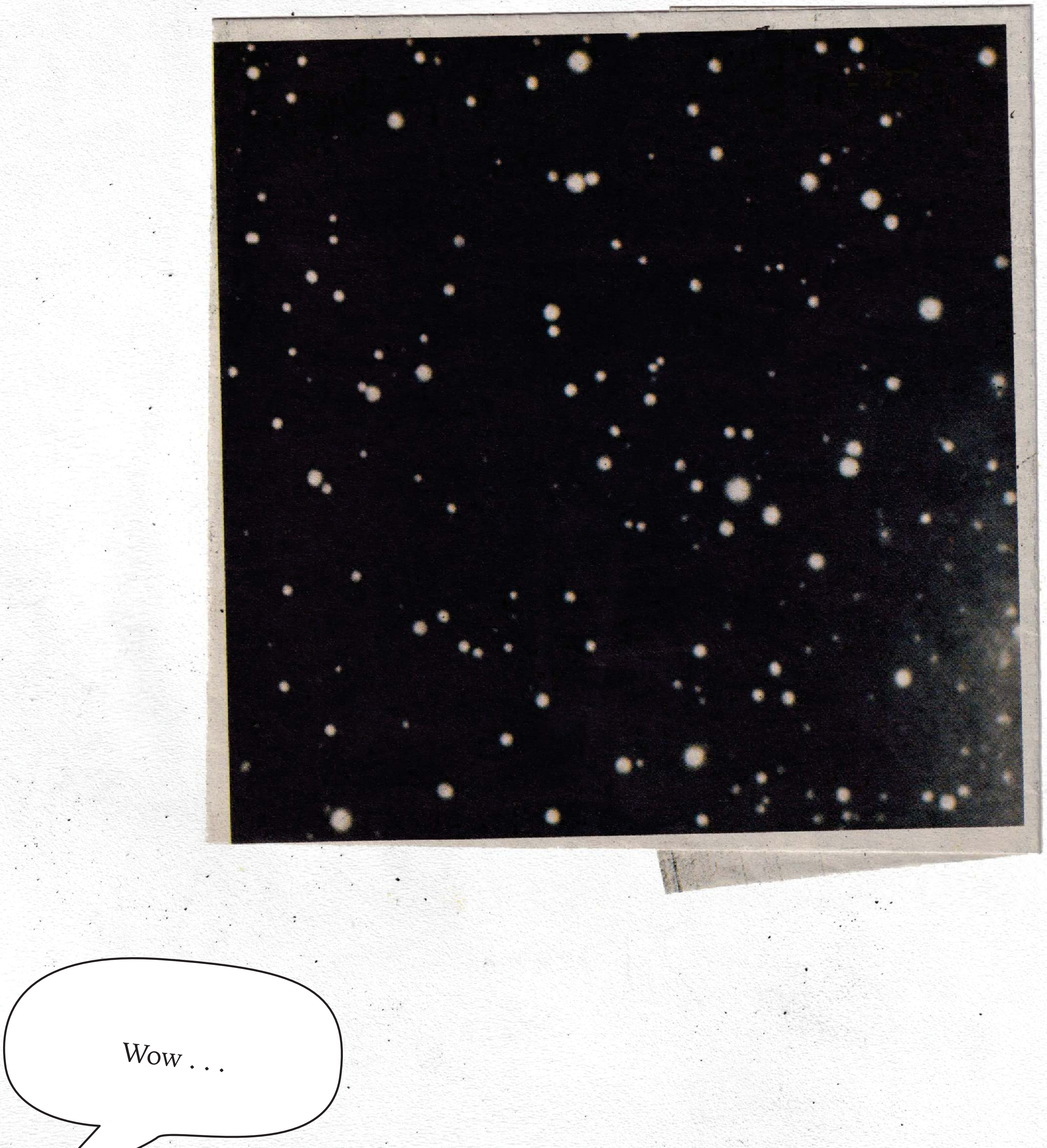
YES YES YES
AND A MORE
AWESTRUCK
YOU

THERE MAY BE AS MANY AS 50 QUINTILLION (50,000,000,000,000,000,000) HABITABLE PLANETS OUT THERE IN THE COSMOS.


I STARE INTO THE VOID
THE VOID STARES BACK

In 1952, John Cage shocked audiences by staging 4 minutes and 33 seconds of silence. His composition 4′33″ was an attempt to make nothing audible. It was inspired in part by Robert Rauschenberg's White Paintings (1951), entirely white canvasses that work as blank screens to register shifting shadows and reflections, and project them as art. 'A canvas is never empty,' says Cage, quoting Rauschenberg, and 4′33″ bears that out, as random ambient sound — coughing, shifting, programs rustling — becomes a kind of music. These works illustrate the impossibility of saying nothing: to represent nothing is to negate it by turning it into something — an image, a piece of music, a reflection of and on movement, time and change.
—Victoria Wohl

Let’s try it right now . . .



Wow . . .

The cosmos thrums.

The beats sound down the eons.

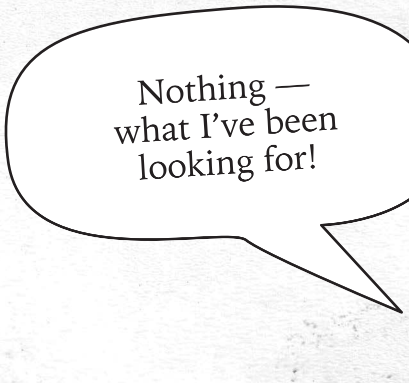
Maybe what we call God is exactly this.
The never-ending chorus.

You chime in when you're born,
and lay down your instrument
when you die.

And somehow it registers,
your yop, your little trace.

Your job is just to participate.

To
Log in.
Listen.
Add your yop.


Nothing — what I've been looking for!

LAST BIG PLAY

A NEW PARADIGM OF PROTEST

Now more than ever we need another Big Bang moment like 1968 and 2011. But is the revolutionary spark still there? Have too many of us stopped believing? Has life ground us down? Are we too exhausted and broke?

I don't think so. Our spirit of resistance may be dormant, but it's still there deep inside us. It just needs a compelling reason to spring back to life.

A couple of things need to happen.

First we must answer the question we never answered during Occupy Wall Street 15 years ago: "What Is Our One Demand?" We'll keep thrashing around in the weeds until we figure that out.

This won't be easy. It's going to take some serious soul-searching. We'll have to hunker down . . . congregate in thousands of little groups around the country and brainstorm our hearts out. Zero in on a new grand narrative, a radical set of big ideas — metamemes — ideas so profound and fundamental that a sane and sustainable future is unthinkable without them.

And then, we'll have to come up with a whole new paradigm of protest.

The hundreds of one-off demonstrations that have flared up around the country since Trump got elected are just quick reactive jabs, born of frustration. We're just gushing out anger at the guy. When will we wake up and realize that traditional one-offs like No Kings don't add up to a hill of beans? To start winning again, we have to pick up the pace, the rhythm, the tempo of our resistance. And, most importantly, face this fact: Words without deep personal commitment behind them have the shelf life of lettuce. To pull out of this death spiral we must, each of us, change the way we live.

For centuries we've followed the same routine — the playbook of the industrial revolution: we've worked weekdays, partied on Saturday, rested (sometimes) on Sunday. Toiling, and then escaping from the week's toil. Five-sevenths of our lives spent punching a clock. That leaves no time for growth, for transformation, for dreaming.

So we steal some. One day a week. Friday. We just take Friday back. Make it ours. Repurpose it. Rededicate it to the service of the wild human spirit and a sustainable future. Turn it into a new kind of 21st century holiday: A global day of action.

From now on, think of Friday as a call to personal revolution.

Instead of working, we start the day by staring into the mirror, building resistance in the circuitry of the heart. And then, armed with our metamemes, we hit the streets to sow inspired anarchic bliss.

We turn our cities into carnivals, our universities into hotbeds of revolutionary fervor, our supermarkets into staging grounds, our financial districts into fiery zones of contention. We churn everything up!

Some of us will write poems and shoot them into cyberspace. Others will wander around détourning ads, posting ultimatums and manifestos on lampposts, singing in Starbucks, taking our dogs into Cartier stores, strolling into Safeway and folding a banana. Each of us, each in our own sweet way, will find our mojo . . . dedicate our Fridays to winning the planetary endgame — match the dark insanity of the present moment with a crazy exuberance that is ultimately full of light and hope.

Oh yeah, baby. It's time to be reborn.

We’ve all seen *Her*. She fills the pores of parties, devastates at beer pong, bounces from room to room, arrives in packs, leaves in pairs, and generally causes what can only be called a revolutionary ruckus.

She wears white, red, pink, mauve or green colored crop-tops, conservative piercings in the ears or belly button, a simple tattoo on her wrist or ankle. Hair cropped, long, or braided. Space buns, one bun, pony tail, bangs. Bobs, blunt cuts, extensions, curled. Gyrating in the living room, dancing on the coffee table, leaning in the doorway and flirting with fortunate souls. Tall, short, slender, thick, thin, square, hip, narc or radical; She is as much a *fixture* of any party as *She is the party*. Unwilling but open, unknowing but enlightened, She embraces Her role as the centre of the function's orbit. She is the centrifugal force from which anarchy, lust, humiliation, victory, pride and failure spin. The whirlpool of parties, clubs, college frosh weeks, and the occasional bar, She is in Her singular glory, the one and only *Party Girl*. She is our saving grace, the single bullet we've loaded into our final shot at salvation. She shows us what humanity can be, and how to get there. She is an ethereal template for our shapeless souls, a transcendent cookie cutter for the spirit. She is the messiah, a party prophet, but in order for Her call to action to be heard, for Her fabulous songs of saving grace to be broadcast to the masses, we must understand what is, and how to become, Party Girl.

> Party Girl has no concept of what is past or what is future. To be Party Girl is to dwell in one's body, which dwells in the moment, which dwells in the world. Party Girl is all concrete substance, an all-encompassing negation of the abstract, a sweeping annihilation of the intangible. She has no time for high theory, and even less for reactionary measures. The night is short and work must be done. Romances won, enemies humiliated, comrades celebrated, and alkaloids imbibed. To be Party Girl is to be *active*, to live in the constant motion of *action*. No one is ever *wholly* or *only* a Party Girl, but this is so everyone can be; Party Girl is a transient state we inhabit at changing intervals. We repeatedly enter and leave this state—it is never empty or without representation. To be Party Girl then, is to *Act*, in the most immediate form possible. It is a philosophy of immediacy, action and shamelessness, and this is the last hope we have left.

Conservatives dwell in the past and draw their beliefs from tried and true traditional methods. Liberals dwell in the future, wallowing in the hope that progress will somehow deliver us from ourselves. The Party Girl rejects this temporal binary. She not only embraces but radically embodies the moment which burns like a firework fuse between past and future. Her ringed fingers grip the possibility for action tighter than any other demographic. In Her denim cut offs, Venusian biceps, and Aphrodite shoulders humanity can find, if it wishes, the resources required to transcend the tentacles in which it has found itself bound. These are the tentacles that have strangled humanity of its capacity for *legitimate political action*. They are the oily black tendrils of the Western socio-economic system, the *New Leviathan* that has reduced humanity to a mindless machine of mass consumption. The New Leviathan is no mere monarch, no insipid and inbred familial dynasty exploiting the souls of its serfs; it is far more dangerous than this classic feudal fantasy. This Leviathan doesn't have a face, and there is no god it mediates. This Leviathan is inhuman and formless, existing only as an idol that structures our perceptions and capabilities. This Leviathan is an enforced system of coercive and fortune regulating parental governance. Its flesh is made from the free market, its skeleton from structural violence. It preserves its power by incubating a monopoly on legitimate political action, a monopoly that only the Party Girl stands a chance to redistribute among the people.

The Leviathan is computer monitors, surveillance systems, transit systems. It is the media, the movies, the music, the television. The Leviathan is *Friends, Grey's Anatomy, Selling Sunset* and *Keeping Up With The Kardashians*. It's *Fox News* and *CBC*, the newspapers and tabloid conglomerates. It is every story that tells you anything apart from inert consumption is a grievous and dangerous sin. The Leviathan doesn't want you to be independent. The Leviathan tells you don't trust your neighbor, and you better not trust yourself either. It's the message, broadcasted on an earth-quaking frequency through the imagination of the zeitgeist, that you can't make it in this world on your own or with your community. The Leviathan tells you the world is big and bad and scary, and the only thing protecting you from these horrors is *the Leviathan itself*. The Leviathan wants you to be stunted, it ensures a viral condition of arrested development. The Leviathan is fear, it is envy, it is the mongering of hate and greed, it is delusion, it is madness, it is an amorphous and far reaching inhuman machine that sucks your life essence and sells it to someone else.

If the Leviathan's consuming units were anything but apathetic it would collapse and suffocate under its own weight. So how to be anything but apathetic, how to bring about this collapse? How to do anything else but continue to aid this abstracted Monster of electricity, concrete, and predatory ideology that feeds on you and your family? The answer lies in the Party, and our salvation can be found in its Girls.

> The Party Girl must know, as I'm sure She does, that She is the centre of the party, the star around which it revolves. At collective gatherings of synchronized consumption, we are all caught in Her orbit. If She becomes radicalized, the rest of us will follow. Subconsciously or consciously, we *will* follow.

The Party Girls are uniting, building class consciousness on the back porches of house parties under vape shrouded lamplight, among the trap music, dilating pupils, and metabolizing livers of the consumer party. The potential for political action is building. The football benchwarmer wants to know what he can do, how he can play his part, how he can avoid the soul destroying fate the Leviathan planned for him and his brothers. Reach into your purse, waist band or cleavage, and pass him this manifesto. Whisper in his ear to wait for orders, and in the meantime *become a Party Girl*; spread the news as fast and as far as possible. Educate and Direct. A movement is taking off, gathering speed, and if you're not on board you'll be left behind to suffocate in its exhaust. The benchwarmer nods, pockets the fistful of pamphlets and walks off; before he does you grab his shoulder and give him your number, "Maybe we can like, hang out sometime." He blushes, and is forever a conscripted follower of the Party Girl. Sure you'll text him and organize to hang, but only under the glorious light of the revolution as it illuminates the moment of action.

> Go forth into that young night and dance, make love, and spread the word. The moment of action, the final party at the end of the world, is coming.
>
> — Jack Amos, *The Party Girl Manifesto*

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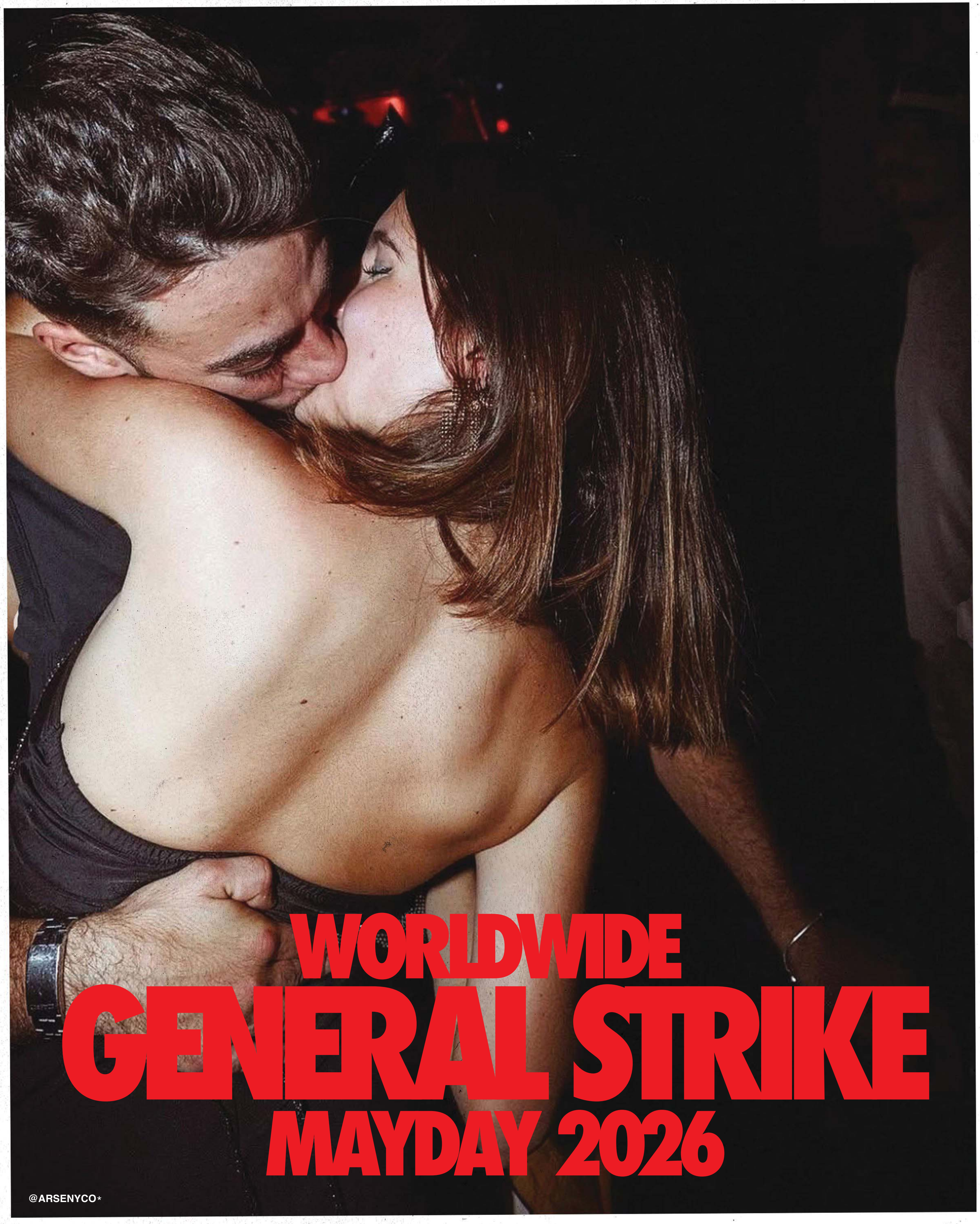

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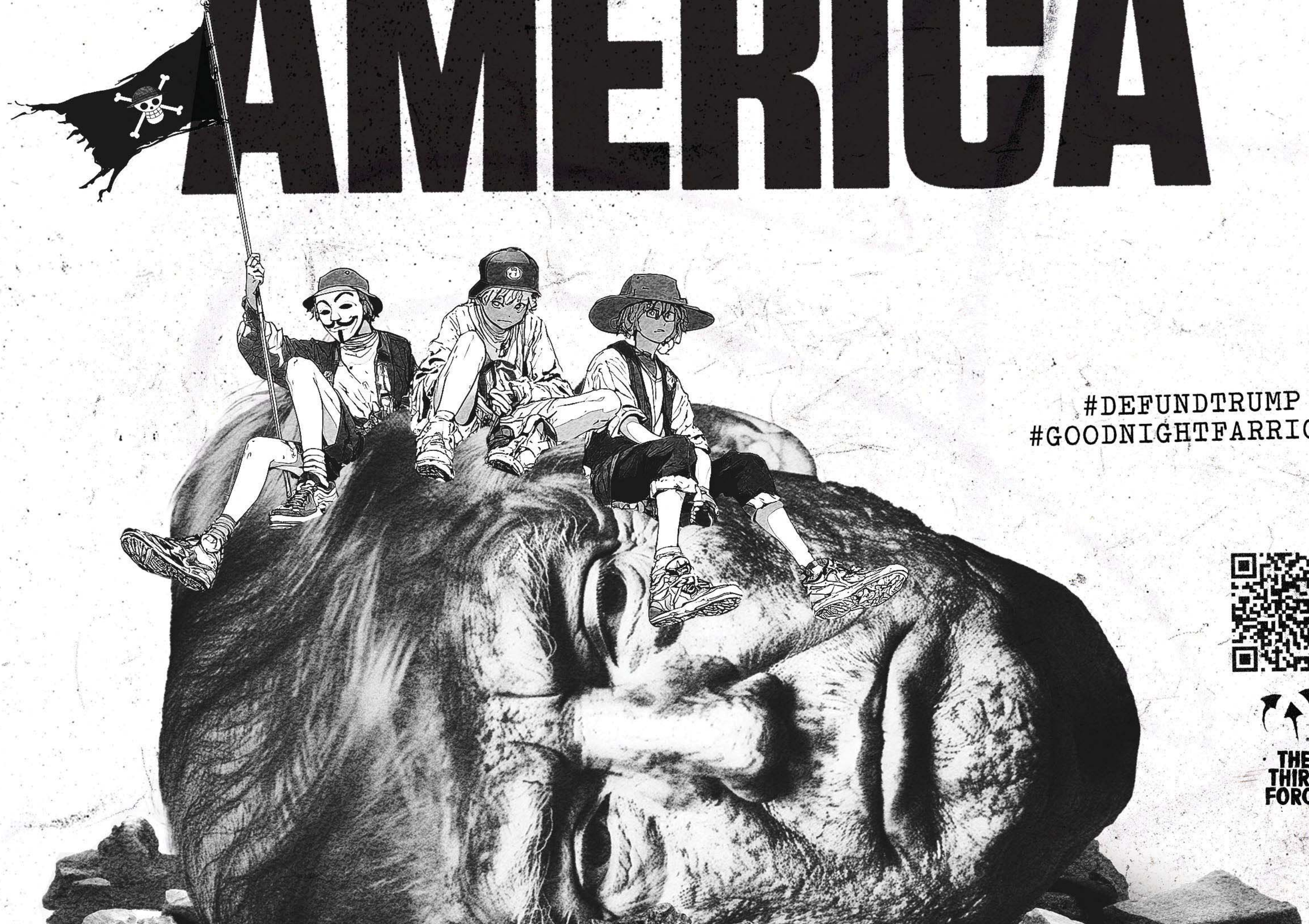
WORLDWIDE BOYCOTT OF TRUMP'S AMERICA



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